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A·Family·Paper

NEW SERIES OF THE CHRISTIAN UNION

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RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

THE OUTLOOK CO. · CLINTON HALL · ASTOR PLACE
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Recreation Department The Outlook

Suggestions for planning a Vacation or a Trip anywhere in the world; printed information concerning any Transportation Line in the world, any Hotel in the world, any Pleasure or Health Resort in the world, or any Tour to any part of the world, will be sent on request, without charge, by the Recreation Department, The Outlook, Clinton Hall, Astor Place, New York.

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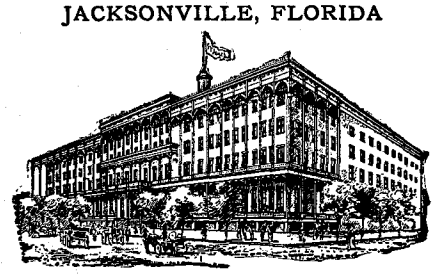

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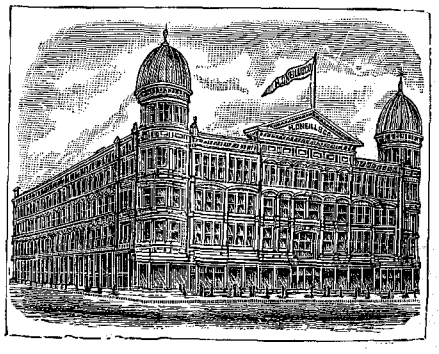

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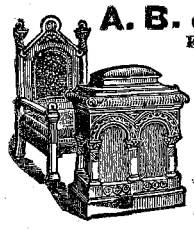

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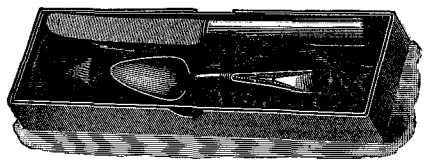

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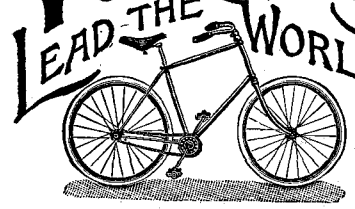

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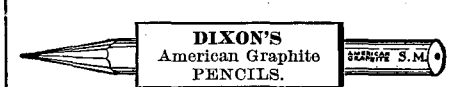

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The Outlook

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NEW SERIES OF THE CHRISTIAN UNION

Volume 49 For Week ending 24 February, 1894 Number 8

The Week

IT is too early yet to estimate the seriousness of the movement against the House of Lords in England, but the action of the Liberal Federation is the most definite step that has yet been taken in this agitation, and marks a new stage in its history. When the Lords rejected the Home Rule Bill, they did so on the ground that the country had not passed upon it, and that so radical a change ought not to be adopted without getting a direct vote in its support. There was something to be said in justification of this position; but the important modification of the Employers' Liability Bill by the Upper House, partially acquiesced in by the House of Commons, and later the radical changes introduced by the Upper House in the Parish Councils Bill, changes rejected by large majorities in the Lower House, have awakened wide-spread antagonism, and have brought the two Houses into sharp collision. Under the leadership of Lord Salisbury, assisted, we are sorry to note, by the solid vote of the Bishops sitting in the Upper House, the Parish Councils Bill, which is a democratic measure largely transferring the local administration of England from the squire and the clergy to the people, has been practically nullified. Even the Conservatives recognize the fact that the House of Peers has gone too far. The Duke of Devonshire, Mr. Chamberlain, and Mr. Balfour have turned against the Tory leadership, so far as the Parish Councils Bill is concerned, and have revolted against the narrow-minded and disastrous attempt of the Peers to nullify the popular will. At the meeting of the Liberal Federation last week a resolution was adopted assuring the Ministry "of the enthusiastic and strenuous support of the Liberal party in whatever measures it adopts to secure that the House of Commons shall be the paramount authority in the State." This is a declaration of Liberal sentiment and of the Liberal attitude, but whether it means an agitation to mend or to end the House of Peers is left for the party leaders to decide. The most potential voice in this matter, of course, must be Mr. Gladstone's, and Mr. Gladstone has not yet spoken. This conflict has long been brewing, for sooner or later the House of Lords must be so modified as to bring it into harmony with existing English institutions. Under the English system the Prime Minister is virtually the head of the Government, responsible, not to the Crown, but to the House of Commons, an adverse vote of which sends him out of office. So far as the relations of the Sovereign to the Ministry and the House of Commons are concerned, there is in effect a harmonious and easily working system. The House of Lords stands outside this system. It does not represent the people, but a class; it is not elective, and its adverse vote does not throw a Ministry out of office, and yet it has power to veto the action of the House of Commons, and to make the carrying out of a ministerial programme impossible.

❀

In this country the Senate represents the Federal organization, and is elected by the State Legislatures; in Germany the Bundesrath represents the different States of which the Empire is made up; in France the Senate is an elective body; the Italian Senate represents many classes; and even the Austrian Herrenhaus contains more life members than hereditary peers. The English Upper House, made up entirely of the Peers and the Bishops, represents the hereditary principle pure and simple, with the sole exception of the ecclesiastics and the few law lords. It has always contained men of ability and disinterestedness, and its members have often furnished representatives of that class of men so greatly needed in democratic communities—men independent of their constituents so far as means are concerned, possessed of thorough education, entirely removed from all temptations to personal aggrandizement, and courageous enough to take independent positions in the face, at times, of strong popular feeling. The House of Lords also performs a very useful function as a court of ultimate appeal. On the legislative side, however, and in spite of some good features, it does not harmonize with the English democratic system, and the gulf between the two becomes every year wider. Various plans have been proposed for changing its constitution, the most practicable one being to introduce into the body elective or life members, and to limit its legislative functions. It is understood that the Queen dreads a serious agitation against the House of Lords, because such an agitation would probably involve the royal prerogatives; and, as many times before, the Upper House may be induced to recede from its position and save itself for another term of years. If it persists, however, in antagonizing the House of Commons on a bill so popular in its character as the Parish Councils Bill, it is clear that an agitation against it is not only inevitable but close at hand.

❀

The bomb explosion in the café at the St. Lazare railway station in Paris on the evening of the 13th, briefly reported in these columns last week, has not caused any great excitement in Paris, but it has confirmed the feeling of insecurity which has been growing for some time past. Twenty-four persons were more or less seriously hurt by the explosion, and they seem to have been selected by the bomb-thrower, who sat near them in the café, for the simple reason that they were enjoying themselves. Like all the other bomb-throwers, immediately after his arrest he broke into imprecations against the *bourgeoisie*. The police were in some doubt at first as to the identity of the

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criminal, but they have since discovered that, instead of being Léon Bréton, as he declared himself to be, he is Émile Henry, born of French parents in Barcelona, Spain, in 1872, and for some time past well known to the police of London as a professed Anarchist. He left the latter city about the middle of January. According to his own story, he was one of a group of four Anarchists who were separated in London because they were shadowed there by the French police. He denies having any accomplice in causing the recent explosion, but the police believe that others were concerned in his act. Like the other bomb-throwers, this criminal has done no work for many months past. He carries himself with a good deal of bravado, declaring that his only regret is that the results of the explosion were so meager, and expressing his conviction that slugs are better for killing the *bourgeoisie* than any other missiles

❀

Henry's father was a Colonel of the Commune, was condemned to death and was forced to flee to Spain. After his death his wife returned to a suburb of Paris, where she still keeps a little shop. One of her sons is now serving a three years' term in prison for inciting to murder. Émile has had considerable education, has done some excellent work in the physical sciences, read extensively in French literature, and studied Spiritualism with special interest. During the last two years he has devoted himself mainly to writing for Anarchist journals, in which he has defended the use of destructives. On account of his parentage and his long association with Anarchists, Henry has been under police surveillance for a good while. He was arrested in Paris immediately after Ravachol blew up the Café Véry, but was released because no proof could be obtained. He is said to have been in this country and to have been imprisoned here on account of his violent speeches and disorderly conduct. In his case, as in the case of all others of his class, the homicidal mania found a ready lodgment in an unstable character. The throwing of bombs is just now the form taken by that kind of insanity which manifests itself epidemically from time to time. The Government has determined upon very severe measures against the Anarchists, and the arrest in Paris of Paul Bernard, one of the leaders of the Anarchist movement, who has several times been condemned for provoking to murder, arson, and pillage, is taken as an earnest of the putting forth of a strong hand by the Ministry.

❀

The completion of the negotiations for the commercial convention between Russia and Germany, briefly reported in these columns last week, is important, not only because of its bearing on the commercial prosperity of both countries, but because of its influence on international relations. It has been the policy of France to make as close an alliance as possible with Russia, and every attempt has been made to commit Russia to an alliance which should be both offensive and defensive; but, although it is certain that a very good understanding exists between the two countries, the Russians have shown themselves shy of finally committing themselves in a definite form to a close alliance between the two countries. There has been, on the other hand, in Germany a party which has favored an anti-Russian policy, and which has looked for safety rather to alliance with Austria and Italy than to maintaining friendly relations with Russia. The bankruptcy and the internal disorders of Italy have, however, greatly reduced the available strength of the Triple Alliance. It looks now as if a rearrangement might be made which would not only bring Russia into new relations with Germany, but also with Austria. The relations between the Great Powers both in the East and West are so various and so delicate that any change of attitude is of the highest moment. Probably the greatest piece of good fortune which Europe now enjoys is the pacific temper of the Czar, who is determined, apparently, to keep the peace at all hazards; and anything which for the moment exalts the position of Russia among the Great Powers makes for peace for this reason. Friendship between Russia and Germany would not necessarily mean the separation of Russia from France, but it would mean the disappearance of the sharp antagonism which has for some years past existed between the two rival leagues in Europe. It would not destroy the sense of injustice and soreness of feeling which exists in France because of the loss of the Rhine provinces, but it would steady still further public sentiment by making Frenchmen realize the additional difficulties of carrying out any scheme of revenge if Russia were to become lukewarm or were to refuse to follow the French lead.

❀

The death of Hans von Bülow closes the career of perhaps the most distinguished orchestral conductor and piano interpreter of our day. As a composer he was more ingenious that original; as a critic he was more incisive than broad; but his prodigious memory enabled him to do unprecedented work with his *bâton* or at the piano, while educating the world in the intellectual enjoyment of music, as opposed to the purely emotional. As a boy, he was a welcome exception to most artists in distinctly not being a prodigy. He studied music, of course—what German does not?—but simply as an amateur. A single performance of "Lohengrin," however, was enough to compel him to relinquish his legal profession and to devote his powers entirely to his art. He was one of the first to espouse entirely Wagner's ideas, which at that time had few friends, and after his first concert tour Dr. Marx appointed him professor in the Berlin Academy. As a pianist he was Liszt's disciple, but as a conductor, Wagner's; indeed, with Ritter, Richter, and Seidl, he was one of the very few to whom the great composer ever gave personal instruction. Wagner secured for him his appointments in Zurich and Munich; but after artistic and political intrigue had thrust the master forth from the latter city, his follower would not remain either, and took up his residence in Florence. In 1873 he began a series of concert tours which extended over Europe and America, coming to us again in 1880 and in 1890; but Berlin and Hamburg were ever his chosen fields of work. Symptoms of insanity appeared ten years ago, since which time public exhibitions of eccentricity have not been infrequent. Recently the mania became acute, and he was taken to Egypt, where he died. In 1857 he married Liszt's daughter Cosima, who, unlike her father and husband, held Wagner's music in abhorrence; but, on meeting the composer himself, she fell at once under the personal spell which he seemed to exercise upon every one. It must have been, to say the least, a change from the wiry, nervous, martinet-like Bülow to the serene Grecian-German, to marry whom Madame von Bülow abandoned her family and religion; for the divorce which she could not obtain as a Roman Catholic was granted to her as a Protestant. Cosima has now outlived the great trio between whom she was the living link, and rules Baireuth as the Iron Chancellor used to rule Germany.

❀

The House of Representatives consumed nearly all of its time last week in debating the Bland Seigniorage Bill in the Committee of the Whole. Eastern Democrats joined

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with anti-silver Republicans in refusing to vote whenever Mr. Bland moved that the debate be closed. The adoption of this policy blocks all legislation until Mr. Bland can secure the presence of a quorum of his supporters. When his regular motion was made on Saturday, 235 members were present, but only 160 (nineteen less than a quorum) would answer to their names on roll-call. Mr. Bland has apparently a majority of the House on his side, and Speaker Crisp, who was elected as an advocate of free coinage, is now warmly supporting him. A Democratic caucus held Monday night voted that the bill should be kept before the House until passed upon. It was notable, however, that not one of the New York members attended this caucus. The fact that so many Representatives who voted last fall to suspend the coinage of silver should now vote to resume it is not so significant as it would be if the present bill were not practically certain to be vetoed by the President. While a bill relating to the government of Oklahoma was under discussion, a woman's suffrage amendment, offered by Senator Peffer, of Kansas, received fifteen votes, two of which came from New England, and the remainder from west of the Mississippi.

❀

Whatever credit or discredit belongs to the United States Senate for its rejection of Mr. Wheeler H. Peckham as Judge of the Supreme Court is due primarily to the Republican party. The vote stood as follows: For confirmation, 23 Democrats, 8 Republicans, and 1 Populist; against confirmation, 15 Democrats, 24 Republicans, and 2 Populists. Thus Mr. Peckham was defeated by a coalition of Populists, Republicans, and Hill Democrats; he had a clear Democratic majority. Various grounds were assigned for the Republican vote against Mr. Peckham, such as his age and unjudicial temper, his reported opinion that protective legislation is unconstitutional (which he has, however, publicly denied), a desire to get even with President Cleveland for his Hawaiian policy, and the notion that it is good politics to foment the factional strife in the Democratic party. The view imputed to Mr. Peckham, that protective legislation is unconstitutional, might justify Republican opposition to his confirmation if the report were true. Our own opinion is that this justification was an afterthought, and that the Republicans in the Senate will have to bear the odium of making a coal tion with Hill Democrats for the purpose of injuring the Administration and weakening the Democratic party. It is announced, as we go to press, that Senator White, of Louisiana, has been nominated in the place of Mr. Peckham, and confirmed without opposition. His speech last year on the Anti-Option Bill would indicate that he is a strict constructionist, and, in this respect, a Democrat of the old school.

❀

The new anti-lottery agitation has already brought forth fruit. An official of the Post-Office Department sent to Tampa, Florida, to investigate matters, has reported the detection of numerous violations of the postal laws, and the Postmaster-General has issued orders prohibiting the delivery of registered mail or the payment of money-orders to the President of the Lottery Company, or to the printing-house established by the Lottery Company at Tampa. He has also issued orders to the postmasters at New York, New Orleans, and San Francisco to refuse to certify money-orders payable to the parties connected with the Lottery in Honduras or elsewhere outside of the United States. This is all good as far as it goes, but it merely cuts off a needless outer edge from the Lottery's business in our territory. It is, however, as far as the Government officials can go under the present law, which neither prohibits the introduction of lottery matter within our territories, its transportation from State to State, or its advertisement in papers not circulated through the mails. The business of the Lottery Company, conducted, as its agents are instructed to conduct it, through the express companies, is in no way interfered with, and cannot be until the new law whose passage is now being urged upon Congress is on the statute-books. Last week we offered to send copies of this act, and the petitions for its passage, to any reader who might request it. We are glad to say that the requests are coming in such numbers as to make it advisable for us to give up a page to the printing of the memorials. Our readers will find both petitions—one to the Senate and the other to the House—on page 383. The space left for signatures is not so great but that many of our subscribers will be able to fill it. Yet the filling of these petitions is not the essential thing; what will tell will be the number of them forwarded to Congressmen and Senators. If there is but one signature, it is the more certain to be read. We urge our readers who are in sympathy with this agitation to sign the petitions and forward them to their representatives in Congress without delay.

❀

Some weeks ago the reliable firm of R. T. Wilson & Co. offered to construct an underground rapid-transit system such as the people of New York desire, on condition that the city should lend its credit to secure the money necessary for the construction of the system. The reason for this condition was that the city is able to borrow at three per cent., while the company, good as its credit is, could not borrow for less than five. Of course, the lending of public credit to a private enterprise is forbidden by the State Constitution, but the company asked that the Constitution be amended in order that it might secure the advantages given by the superior credit of the city. The Chamber of Commerce appointed a committee of its ablest and most intelligent members to consider this proposition, and on Thursday of last week this committee reported in its favor, citing as a precedent the loans made by the United States to aid in the construction of the Pacific Railroads. Fortunately, there were members of the Chamber who knew something of the fearful experience with legislative corruption and public loss which has led one State after another to prohibit in its organic law the lending of public money to aid private enterprise. Mr. Morris K. Jesup moved that a fortnight's delay be granted for the consideration of so grave a change in the public policy of the State, and Mr. Abram S. Hewitt, in seconding this motion, made a speech so full of political good sense that space-limits alone compel its condensation. He said:

"When the State of New York was confronted by the construction of the Erie Canal, the State took it in hand, became the owner, borrowed the money, and paid for the work. The loaning of the public credit to which the committee have referred, in the case of the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific Railroads, is a most unfortunate illustration of the danger of any connection between the State or National Government and private enterprises. Every dollar of the money advanced by the Government of the United States in aid of that enterprise was stolen by the people who had charge of the enterprise. In the only departure which I have ever known the city of New York to make from the sound principle of having no connection whatever with private enterprises, the scandal was equally great. The Brooklyn Bridge was originally a private corporation with private stockholders. The city of New York subscribed for a portion of the stock. The city of Brooklyn did the same thing. The administration of the work was in the hands of private stockholders, and it culminated in a scandal of the worst kind, and the result was, the city of New York and the city of Brooklyn were compelled to do what they ought to have done in the first place or to have done nothing—they were com-

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pelled to buy out the private stockholders and become the sole owners of the work."

After some discussion, decision was postponed, as Mr. Jesup and Mr. Hewitt had urged.

❀

State control of railroads a few years ago was regarded as the notion only of a few impracticables; it is now coming practically into effect through judicial decisions by the courts, which are not unreasonably regarded as representing the most conservative instincts and tendencies in the community. The Northern Pacific Railroad having passed into the hands of receivers, Judge Jenkins, of the United States Circuit Court, approved the action of the receivers reducing the wages of the employees seven and one-half per cent., and accompanied this approval with an order restraining the employees from striking. We quote the terms of the order:

"The men are to refrain from combining and conspiring to quit, with or without notice, the service of said receivers with the object and intent of crippling the property in their custody or embarrassing the operation of said railroad, and from so quitting the service of the said receivers, with or without notice, as to cripple the property or to prevent or hinder the operation of said railroad."

As we understand it, in this case the men were not heard when the rate of wages was fixed by the Court, and these men were forbidden, without any previous hearing, to enter into any combination to refuse the rate offered to them. In the case of the Union Pacific, also in the hands of receivers, the District Judge in Nebraska and Oregon granted a somewhat similar order; the District Judge in Colorado and Wyoming refused to do so without giving the men a hearing; and Judge Caldwell, of the Circuit Court, upheld the latter's position. As reported in the papers, he told the attorney of the Union Pacific that the receivers had taken advantage of the men behind their backs. "Go back to Omaha and revoke that order," he said; "then I will take your case. Prepare and advertise your schedule, and give the men notice, and I think that sixty days might not be unreasonable. I will come to Omaha and hold the conference with your receivers and the representatives of the labor societies, and we will see if we cannot agree upon a schedule that will be just to the employees, and will be such as the receivers can afford to pay."

❀

It does not require legal learning, or even a remarkably judicial temper, to determine which of these contrasted courses is just and right. The relations between the corporation—or, in the case of its failure, the receiver—and its employees may be put either upon the basis of free contract or upon that of State control. But, clearly, the corporation cannot be left to the freedom of contract and the men brought under State control. If the old basis of free contract is adopted, and the corporation, or the receiver, is to be at liberty to determine without notice to the men what wages it will pay, then the men must be at liberty to refuse the wages and quit the service, either singly or in a body; the law can go no further than to prevent their doing it in such a way as to inflict needless damage on the property. If, on the contrary, the new basis of State control is to be adopted, and either the rate of wages or other conditions of contract are to be fixed by officers of the law, as by the courts, then both parties must be represented before the tribunal, and the corporation, or receiver, must have no more right to discharge employees, without notice and without cause, than the employees have to leave their employment. We believe that in the case of great carrying corporations State control is better than freedom of contract, and we welcome every approach to it. But it is clear that if one party is to be controlled by the State the other party must be also; and equally clear that there can be no righteous adjustment of wages when only one party to the contract is heard before the court which makes the adjustment.

❀

Dr. Stanton Coit, of the University Settlement, is reported in an interview as recommending the expenditure of $20,000,000 in this city in public works. He specifies as works the park improvement, the proposed speedway, four new school-houses, one public bath for each Senatorial district—nine in all—and the underground railroad. "I do not pretend to say," he says, "that we are going to get all these things right away, but if we should get half of them we would be satisfied, and the agitation itself is a great point toward the education of the people." It is not only unjust to Dr. Coit, but it is stupid, to confound this proposition with the proposition which sometimes emanates from French and German Socialists, that it is the business of the State to create public works for the purpose of giving employment to the unemployed. Each one of these improvements is supposed to be desirable, and some of them are quite essential to the well-being of the city. The drivers of fast horses might get along without a speedway, but the construction of small parks in the lower and overcrowded districts of the city is essential to health. So is the construction of public baths. Equally essential to intellectual and moral well-being is the construction of additional school-houses. And it will be a great deal cheaper for the people of the city to borrow money at three per cent. and build their own underground railroad than to invite capitalists to build it for them and pay them from five to fifteen per cent. in dividends. The question which Dr. Coit raises is a very simple one, and, it seems to us, should be easily answered. Public charity is now providing food and clothing and shelter for thousands of unemployed, and doing what it can to make them beggars by the process. Is it not clearly wiser for the public to undertake some of the great works which the well-being of the metropolis imperatively demands, employ the unemployed upon them, and pay them wages for services rendered rather than pay the money in charity which pauperizes?

❀

The one argument against such a scheme of public works is the manner in which the city is now spending the money intrusted to it for the employment of the unemployed. Money for this purpose has been obtained by special appropriations, to be expended in pushing forward the speedway and other public works. But so far there has been almost nothing accomplished in this direction. Delays, contractors' excuses, and the constant use of political favoritism are only too common. The recent heavy snow-storms offered a specially favorable opportunity for temporary relief. But the city papers assert that Commissioner Andrews's course has been to go, for the 2,000 extra men needed, to Italian "padrone" contractors, and especially to one named Campagnini, who is said to be a Tammany politician with a "pull." To this man $1.50 per day has been paid for each man employed. Of this he claimed to pay $1.25 to the laborer, but the poor Italians themselves told reporters that they got only ninety cents each, and were, moreover, obliged to patronize the "padrone's" beer-shop. It is freely charged that part of the immense profits made by this dealer in labor, and others like him, goes into the cash-box of Tammany, or into the purses of Tammany leaders. Commissioner

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Andrews excuses his conduct by saying that when it is necessary to get hundreds of men at a few hours' notice, the men to be already provided with tools, the only practical way is to resort to contractors. In reply to this, Father Bandini, of the San Raphael Benevolent Society, has offered to furnish hundreds of good laborers at short notice without charge. The whole "padrone" system is extremely vicious and undemocratic; its evils have been exposed again and again in the course of immigration investigations. Bad as it is in itself, it becomes doubly bad when joined with corrupt municipal politics. But the remedy for it is not by discontinuing or diminishing necessary public works, but by concentrating public attention on the political corruption and abolishing it.

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The New York Legislature, after spending the usual amount of time over contested election cases, has begun to do some of the work for which it was elected. The Senate has passed a bill repealing the law enacted by the last Legislature taking away from the then newly elected Republican Mayor of Buffalo the control over the police and vesting it in Democratic officials. This repeal bill has passed the Senate by a vote of 20 to 11—one Independent and one Democrat supporting it. Another measure agreed upon by the Republicans is a ballot-reform bill, requiring that the names of all candidates shall be printed by parties on the same blanket ballot, and that no "pasters" shall be received. Both of these measures—that restoring the right of self-government to the people of Buffalo and that putting an end to the printing and distributing of tickets by the political machines—have the unanimous indorsement of the independent voters of the State, and Governor Flower imperils the future of his party if his veto shall defeat them. It is a great gain to the State that the independent Democrats have shown that they can vote independently.

❀

General News.—The letter from President Dole, of Hawaii, in reply to Mr. Willis's request for specifications of the charges made in Mr. Dole's former letters in regard to our Minister's conduct in Hawaii, has been published in this country; it is a long and very able presentation of President Dole's causes of complaint against Mr. Willis; Mr. Willis has replied with equal detail, taking up Mr. Dole's points one by one.——Yellow fever is reported to have broken out among the American merchant ships lying in the harbor of Rio Janeiro; a launch belonging to one of our vessels was fired upon by the insurgents, but the offending vessel promptly apologized and claimed that the action was a mistake; the insurgents are reported to have gained some victories in the Southern provinces.——A police raid was made in London last Friday on the Autonomie Club, and some seventy-five supposed Anarchists were arrested; the raid was occasioned by the death of a member of the club which is supposed to have been caused by the accidental explosion of dangerous chemicals which he was carrying on his person.——The American Peace Society has appointed a committee for the purpose of drawing up plans for an International Tribunal of Arbitration.——A Polish conspiracy is said to have been discovered in Warsaw.——A Paris court has ordered Dr. Herz to pay 600,000 francs to the creditors of the Panama Canal Company.——Reports from Austria state that the suffering among the poor there is very great, and that over 100,000 men are out of employment in the city of Vienna; similar reports come from Italy and Germany.——The steamship Paris, of the American Line, was disabled by an accident to her rudder on her voyage from Southampton last week, and returned to Queenstown for repairs.——Police-Captain Price, of New York City, is being tried on charges preferred by Superintendent Byrnes.——If the people so elect next autumn, New York will be the second city of the world in population, London alone exceeding it with 4,231,431. Paris, now second, with 2,447,957, will be third. Canton, Berlin, Chicago, Tokio, Vienna, and Philadelphia are the only other cities requiring seven figures to express their population. They follow in the order named.

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The Crime Against the Ballot-Box

The conviction in New York City of three election inspectors for conniving at fraudulent voting, and the conviction in Brooklyn of John Y. McKane, the Gravesend "boss," for aiding and abetting election frauds, and his sentence to six years in the State Prison, are encouraging to those who believe in popular government. These convictions have given very efficacious notice that the ballot-box cannot safely be tampered with; that corrupt politicians can never be so intrenched as to be sure that they can defy public sentiment; that the punishment may come when it is least expected. For in New York it is a Tammany District Attorney who has prosecuted Tammany inspectors; and in Brooklyn the Gravesend "boss" has been convicted in spite of the fact that the District Attorney's office was occupied by a patron of the Gravesend ring, who publicly approved the Gravesend races and prize-fights.

Gravesend—within whose boundaries are famous Coney Island and the infamous race-tracks—is a town given over to pleasure, some of it innocent, some of it vicious. It has for years been governed by a ring; at the head of this ring is John Y. McKane. "An army led by a council," says Professor Bryce, "seldom conquers; it must have a commander-in-chief, who settles disputes, decides in emergencies, inspires fear or attachment. He dispenses places, rewards the loyal, punishes the mutinous, concocts schemes, negotiates treaties. He generally avoids publicity, preferring the substance to the pomp of power, and is all the more dangerous because he sits, like a spider, hidden in the midst of his web. He is a Boss." This character-sketch may serve as a portrait of the Boss of Gravesend. He protected the race-track and the prize-ring. He secured immunity for the saloons. He helped to make Gravesend a resort of gamblers and prize-fighters and men of that ilk, and after a fashion promoted its material prosperity. He was loyal to his followers, and they were and still are loyal to him, despite his conviction. At the same time he was Superintendent of a Gravesend Sunday-school, and probably saw no incongruity in the double function of "boss" during the week and superintendent on Sunday. He had come to regard an election as a campaign; to think that "all is fair in war," and to act without scruple upon that devil's maxim. He cast the vote of Gravesend as he pleased. He made it in amount what he pleased. Men high in party negotiated with him for this vote. It was generally Democratic; once it was Republican; whichever it was, John Y. McKane determined both what and how much it should be. The inspectors of election were his loyal servants; the watchers for both parties were practically his appointees. All the safeguards of an election were abolished; they remained in form, but not in reality.

In the last election Mr. William J. Gaynor was nomi-

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nated for Justice of the Supreme Court by the reform element in Kings County. There were personal as well as political reasons why Mr. McKane desired to defeat him. The election in the State promised to be a close one; the vote at Gravesend might determine it. The town of Gravesend had, by a census of eighteen months previous, a total population of 8,400 men, women, and children; the registry list of voters prepared for last fall's election contained 6,300 names. The entire population of the Second, or Coney Island, District was 1,603; the registry list of voters in that district was made to aggregate 2,465. Similar discrepancies, though not so great, had been passed by in silence in past elections. Past successes had emboldened the ring to more palpable frauds. But the reform sentiment at this election was aroused, earnest, aggressive; and Mr. Gaynor was familiar with election frauds and not a man to submit to them. The law requires the registry lists to be open to public inspection. He demanded the lists; they were refused to him. He sent copyists to the polling-places to make copies; previous copyists were on hand who monopolized the lists. He obtained a mandamus requiring the inspectors to furnish facilities for copying the lists. The mandamus was set aside because a previous demand had not been made on the inspectors. He sent men to Gravesend to make the required demand; they were set upon, arrested, and committed as vagrants. He obtained an injunction to prevent interference, and on Tuesday morning (election day) sent men to watch the polls. The injunction was disregarded and the men were hustled out of the town. Tuesday night came; substantially the total vote of Gravesend was cast as Mr. McKane willed; in Gravesend John Y. McKane was apparently victorious, William J. Gaynor apparently defeated.

Nor is it difficult to see how every step in this political crime necessitated the second step. If the registry lists had been made accessible, their fraudulent character would at once have been exposed and the inspectors of election would have been liable to arrest. If the mandamus had been granted, the registry lists would have been accessible. If the citizens who went to Gravesend to demand of the inspectors an opportunity to copy the lists, or to prove the simultaneous absence of the inspectors, had succeeded, the mandamus would have been granted as a matter of course. If the injunction order had been regarded, and the watchers been permitted to keep tally of the voters, the fact that there were no voters to correspond to the registry lists would have been proved beyond peradventure. The original frauds of years ago, insignificant in proportion, led on to larger and yet larger frauds, and the danger of detection and conviction to open violence.

But the publication in the daily press of the facts aroused public indignation. It made the Boss of Gravesend famous, not only from New York to Buffalo, but from Sandy Hook to the Golden Gate. The whole country looked on to see what would be the result of this defiance of popular suffrage. The reform ticket was carried by overwhelming majorities. The Gravesend frauds, designed to insure the election of Judge Maynard to the Court of Appeals, contributed powerfully to his defeat. The District Attorney of Kings County was without power to help his political friend, even if he had had the will so to do. The Governor of the State appointed special counsel to conduct the prosecution. The bench was occupied by a Judge who, if he was, on the one hand, judicially oblivious of popular sentiment, was, on the other hand, free from all suspicion of political bias. Circumstantial evidence connected, by a concurrence of events, the Gravesend Boss with the acts of his henchmen. He went upon the stand to testify in his own behalf, but, under the skillful cross-examination of Mr. B. F. Tracy, did his cause more injury than was done by any one witness for the prosecution. The jury, after an all-night session, found a verdict of guilty, overcoming the sentiments of pity of one juryman by uniting in a strong recommendation to mercy, on account of Mr. McKane's previous good character.

We have no doubt that there is ground for this recommendation. "It must not be supposed," says Professor Bryce, "that the members of Rings or the great Boss himself are wicked men. They are the offspring of a system." For the system the American people should have no mercy. For the leaders in that system there should be condign punishment. But, in administering that punishment, the community may well remember that few men are guiltless; that some by direct participation in the frauds, others by indirect participation in them, still others by profiting by them without even a protest, and still others by apathy and indifference to them until they have assumed gigantic and threatening proportions, have aided in promoting if not in producing the system which has in turn produced the "boss." The conviction of the election inspectors in New York and of John Y. McKane in Brooklyn should be followed by a real and efficacious penalty. There is now every reason to hope that the sentence of the courts in these cases will be carried out. There is little apparent ground for appeal, and, we should suppose, little reason to expect a pardon in either of the cases. But these convictions should also be followed by a concurrent determination of honest men of all parties that in no election, no matter how vital the issues, how important the interests, or how great the provocation, shall political methods be allowed which involve any tampering with the ballot-boxes; and, whatever mercy is shown in the sentences in the case of these first convictions, none whatever should be shown to any man who, despite the warning, ventures to repeat the crime. For the crime against the ballot-box is a crime against free institutions, and treason to liberty, throughout the whole world.

A Lenten Meditation

We need to be continually carried back to the simplicity of religion as it is presented by the prophets of the Old Testament and the New Testament. Their simple ceremonies have been developed into an elaborate ritual; their simple laws into an elaborate code; their simple teachings into an elaborate theology. There would be no harm in this if these elaborate human structures had not been substituted for the earlier and simpler teachings, and acceptance of them treated as essential to a moral and religious life, to acceptance with the heavenly Father here, and to life with Him hereafter.

The religion of the Bible is very simple.

What does it require? "What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" This is the divine code: justice, the law of conduct; mercy, the law of feeling; humility and reverence—for the two are one—the law of the inmost spirit.

But if one has not obeyed this law, what hope is there for him; what plan of salvation? "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon."

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Ceasing to do evil, and turning to God for help in living righteously: this is the plan of salvation.

But is there not some doctrine that is essential to salvation; some creed that must be accepted; some Gospel teaching in the New Testament, added to these teachings of the Old Testament? Yes, there is a creed; here it is: "The grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world, looking for that blessed life and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ." Sobriety—that is, control of one's self; righteousness—that is, fair dealing with one's neighbor; godliness—that is, reverence toward God, and therefore humility in one's self; and hope—that is, the expectation of a better knowledge of love and a better life with and in him: that is the creed, that is the theology, which Jesus Christ came to teach.

Holiness the law of life and character; God's goodness the ground of salvation for the unholy; and Christ come to show what holiness is and where God's goodness may be found: how simple it all is!

Burn Your Own Smoke

The city of Chicago is making a determined effort, which will undoubtedly succeed in the end, to rid itself of the pest of overhanging blackness poured out of the throats of countless chimneys and obliterating the fair face of the heavens. Either the great manufactories must burn another kind of fuel or they must consume their own smoke; the latter alternative is the probable solution of the problem. The murkiness of air over the cities in which soft coal is used is not greater, nor is it more depressing, than the murkiness which comes from some temperaments, and which discharges itself into the social and the domestic atmosphere to a degree which seriously interferes with the happiness and good cheer of society. In his recent article on Professor Tyndall, Professor Huxley says that the great scientist consumed his own smoke. When he had a fit of depression or found himself in a condition of nervous excitement, he worked off both conditions without imposing them upon his associates. Professor Tyndall was not only wise so far as his own strength was concerned, but he was eminently unselfish in taking this course, for the imposition of the variations, depressions, and exactions of the individual temperament upon those about us is, in the last analysis, pure selfishness. It is the disturbance of the general atmosphere for the sake of one person; it is the attempt to impose upon a group of people the temperamental burden of a single member of that group. There are a great many people whose moods not only make the sky black for them, but make it black for all those about them. If these victims of their temperament are depressed, everybody else must be depressed, or must listen to that pessimistic talk which is a weariness to the flesh. The fact that one is ill-tempered does not justify the infliction of that grievous condition on everybody in the neighborhood, nor does the fact that one is depressed justify the universal shrouding of the sky in gloom. Every man and woman owes it to the world to be self-sustaining; and to consume one's own smoke is no small part of self-sustainment. There are altogether too many people who insist upon sharing their temperamental defects with others. The duty of mastering one's temperament is just as imperative as the duty of being honest or pure. No one has a right to go through this world, full as it is of heavy burdens and real griefs, disseminating an atmosphere of gloom which has its origin, not in a real calamity, but in a temporary mood. The skies are obscured often enough by genuine clouds, without the manufacture of artificial mists and fogs. The world needs nothing so much as thoroughly sane and healthy men and women, who deal with life strongly, who stand erect, and who diffuse cheer and courage through their daily atmosphere.

Editorial Notes

—It appears that Judge Ricks, of the United States District Court of Northern Ohio, did not deny, but simply questioned, the constitutionality of the Act requiring census returns from employers. His decision in favor of the indicted employers was really based upon an omission in the law. We regret the error in our former paragraph.

—We spoke last week of the passing of Charlecote out of the hands of the Lucy family. It is now stated that the property is to be rented, not sold. The event recalls the fact (vouched for by the editor of a new edition of Landor's "Citation of Shakespeare") that a modern Lady Lucy made the remark, "It was an ancestor of my husband who *brought out* the famous Shakespeare!"

—Sir Herbert Maxwell, writing in the "Nineteenth Century," says, "The bore has no place in primitive stages of society." We do not know what authority Sir Herbert has for that extraordinary statement, but if he can prove his assertion he will stand a good chance of creating a sentiment in favor of a return to primitive conditions even greater than that set in motion by the publication of Rousseau's "Social Contract."

—Probably the most magnificent compliment ever paid to a woman, Shakespeare puts in the mouth of Antony when he addresses Cleopatra as "Thou great day o' th' world;" but certainly no more beautiful tribute has ever been paid to a woman than that made by Professor Tyndall, in a letter written to Mr. Herbert Spencer several years ago, in which he says of his wife, "She has raised my ideal of the possibilities of human nature."

—That august body the United States Senate is not without occasional flashes of unconscious humor. Last week Senator Hoar was understood to object to Mr. Peckham on account of that gentleman's irritability of temper, Senator Lodge on account of the connection between the nomination and machine politics, and Mr. Morrill, who is between eighty and ninety, because Mr. Peckham had reached the venerable age of a little over sixty.

—It is a pitiful fact, but none the less is it a fact, that cripples by the score are hidden away from public view, stowed away in poorhouses, where they receive but little attention, living a sorrowful life, relieved only by death. And yet strong, able-bodied men receive alms at every corner. If this pitiful fact appeals to you, reader, turn over to page 385 and read there the account of what philanthropy is doing for a few crippled children in Daisy Fields.

—In the current issue of "Christian Thought"—a memorial number to Dr. Deems—the President of North Carolina University tells how, during the dark days after the war, Dr. Deems contributed six hundred dollars to establish a fund to be loaned on indorsed notes to young men desiring an education. Mr. William H. Vanderbilt liked the idea, and added ten thousand to the fund. Already one hundred and fifty young men, having the confidence of their neighbors, have been educated by this fund, which has meanwhile grown through interest payments to fifteen thousand dollars.

—The uninitiated might imagine that the District Attorney's office in New York City had something to do with the conviction of the fraudulent inspectors of election in that city, and that Mr. Tracy and Mr. Shepard had something to do with the conviction of Mr. McKane in Brooklyn. But the uninitiated have only to read the New York "World" and the New York "Herald" to discover their error. The conviction was entirely due to one or the other of those papers, which tried, convicted, and sentenced the prisoner. To which paper? That depends upon which one the uninitiated relies on for his news.

—A century ago Montesquieu, with grim fierceness, wrote: "A new disease has spread through Europe; it has seized upon our sovereigns, and makes them maintain an inordinate number of troops. It is intensified and of necessity becomes infectious, for as soon as one State increases its forces, the others at once increase theirs, so that nothing is gained by it except the general ruin. Each monarch keeps on foot as many armies as if his people were in danger of extermination; and this struggle of all against all is called peace!" And now, after this disease has gone on increasing in virulence for a hundred years, the Emperor William, according to a report telegraphed from Berlin, with no thought of irony, praises the Czar as "a Prince of Peace like myself." There is a point where the absence of humor becomes humorous, and the Emperor of Germany frequently reaches it.

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Thomas Carlyle and John Swinton

A Real Colloquy

Reported by Henry Tyrrell

Dramatis Personæ:

Thomas Carlyle, age eighty-three years. Tall, gaunt, stooping, clad in a gray woolen dressing-gown. Unkempt white hair and beard, bristling eyebrows. Traces as of old-world suffering on the face, but embers of prophetic fire in the eyes, and an echo of distant thunder in the voice. Manner—lowering and aggressive, at times scornful.

John Swinton, of New York, age fifty years. Newspaper bondman, social reformer, speechmaker, "genial," and sage. Theoretical dislocator, practical conciliator. In person, robust, active; in dress, careful and correct, with a certain individuality. Manner—at once democratic and diplomatic, cordial and watchful, acquiescent and analytical. About evenly balanced between sentiment and sense.

Scene: Drawing-room in Carlyle's house, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, London. Churchwarden pipe, tobacco, cigars.

Time: An April morning in the year 1880.

Carlyle. It's a heavy-burdened old man you've come to see, *sans* pretty much everything, and too palsied to hold pen in hand. Eh! when a man's tools are taken away from him, that means it's time to stop work. No, I have nothing to live for in this bedlam of a world, unless it be the hope of half-tranquillity and rest. A hopeless hope, even that, in a rattle-windowed house, with Babel roaring outside. And then the army of mendicants! I have to lock and bar myself in to keep the beggars out.

Swinton (to himself). I much doubt if you send your beggars away empty-handed. When I gave a shilling to a broken-down castaway this morning, I thought, Carlyle would have snapped his head off—and given him a dollar. What's that story I heard of how, when your wife died, you added her list of pensioners to your own longer one? (*Aloud to Carlyle*). I am a kind of mendicant myself, just now, come here to beg a farthing's worth of your time, and haply a few crumbs of talk from your table. At any rate, mendicancy exists; it is a hard, actual, weird reality, and therefore, perhaps, of some contemporaneous human interest. Lamb, you know, had great tolerance for these same beggars—even found a genial inspiration in some of them.

Carlyle. Lamb? Puir, gin-befuddled mountebank.

Swinton. Happy Lamb, I say; to be able to look upon it all without hypochondria.

Carlyle. Eh! what is that?

Swinton. Nothing—only I had heard a lot about England's charitable institutions, her popular improvement societies, moral movements, sanitary projects, home missionaries, reformers, and what-not; and now I see how slight, how pitifully slight, after all, is the impression that all of them have made upon the miserable millions. Such things interest me.

Carlyle. They don't me, not in the least. Yet I've written many a ream of paper about them in the course of a lifetime. You've maybe read my pamphlets and reviews—futile enough!

Swinton. Yes. But you surely have not read mine, nor those of my illustrious fellow-citizens; nor have you ever visited America to see things there.

Carlyle. Are they worth it? And as to your brother Jonathans, they are well-meaning enough to come here and look me up, and tell me all about things in general. Yes, I've had a-many of them here, with their feet cocked up on yon mantel, talking me spread-eagleism in their highest nasal pitch. Quite apart from these ephemeral Yankee Doodles, though, stands Emerson, a gentle, sapient soul, who communed with me in my Scotch hermitage, and stood sponsor for my unheard-of books in Boston. Then there was your Daniel Webster, a strong, big-headed, dark-skinned, shut-mouthed mastiff of a man, who yet roared me as gently as a sucking dove about "our American institutions." Well, I was half persuaded once, in my salad days, to visit Yankeedom, and learn the trick of stump-speaking and what you call humbug.

Swinton. Had you done so, and talked in the way you write betimes, you might have been lynched—or sent to Congress.

Carlyle. There was a day when I thought myself fated to be the nucleus of all the mad folk of my generation. No doubt I should then have found my level in America, where they undertake to amend fate and avert doomsday by Act of Congress—a mere mob of horned and brainless babblers.

Swinton. Perhaps some deserve to escape that sweeping generalization. Old John Brown, for instance—he of Ossawattomie—saw there was nothing for it but insurrection and bayonets, even bloodshed.

Carlyle. Ah! that Yankee was an anachronism, a kind of belated Cromwellian Puritan, grim, stern, iron-sided. He saw clearly, but only in a straight line—straight ahead. I dare say, too, he had indigestion and a bad liver.

Swinton. He was one of the hero-martyrs, as others, known or unknown, dead or alive, are or have been, the prophets of the world's progress. I knew him out on the plains of Kansas. How insatiable, relentless, sanguinary, awful, yet irresistible is this modern Juggernaut!

Carlyle. Progress whither, towards what? Towards irreverence and anarchy and sansculottism and annihilation, most likely, or mere blatancy and deviltry. You have fought out your bloody civil war, yet the Nigger Question you have always with you.

Swinton. But negro slavery has been wiped out of Christendom.

Carlyle. White slavery of a worse and dirtier kind had not, at last accounts.

Swinton. Maybe the authentic John Brown of the struggling white hordes has not yet sprung into the arena. In the meantime, though, you have lived to see the chief reforms demanded by the People's Charter forty years ago in operation as regular laws to-day.

Carlyle. I have not lived long enough to shift my views of Chartism and Radicalism, nor to see mankind set in the common-sense road to happiness. All my life I have been meditating on the mystery of the working-folks' being and doing. I saw the Glasgow riots in 1819. My own stone-mason father has dined on water and cresses, and I was myself a poor starveling in a peasant biggin. I have felt the meanness and grossness of poverty and toil, the simmer and ferment of revolutions. Yet I am not and never was a revolutionist of the uproarious, leveling herd. That kind of a wretch can effect nothing but madness and misery and sansculottism and outlawry. The root of the mischief in society is the ignorance, feebleness, and callousness of the upper ranks and the so-called thinkers—the persistent denial of any duty to those below them beyond the mere payment of black bread or contract wages. The only true progress is moral, practical; a clearer recognition of the prime duties of a man towards his fellow-mortals. I felt, in 1839 and after, that I must make my protest heard. I was, if you like it, a Radical, if Radicalism means to bring about a radical change in the souls, hearts, and habits of society. Yet no man in this land more completely scorned every article and particle of the scarecrow Radical creed. I had more in common with the Tories, small as my confidence in them may have been; at least they repudiated the uncouth and ribald and tawdry New Creed, and represented the old strong traditions.

Swinton. I am lately back from Paris, trailing clouds of glory as I came.

Carlyle. I have not been there since 1851. The coffee was vile then.

Swinton. It is yet. But I drank it in high company—

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Victor Hugo, Cluseret, Rochefort, Edmond About, Prévost-Paradol, Coquelin *père*, and other geniuses of glorious France, republicans or democrats or revolutionists of their kind, all.

Carlyle. Poor France! Still thrashing and writhing about, with her head cut off. Out of the hell-fires of the Revolution preceding that first Republic emerged at last three original men—Danton, Mirabeau, Napoleon. Have the throes of the present upheaval brought forth one? It is to the conqueror, to Germany, we look for the one power of modern Europe that has not quite forgotten the art of governing. Germany ought to dominate the politics of the Continent for five hundred years yet.

Swinton. Should we meet in Hades five hundred years hence, it might turn out to be laughable to carry out the diversion upon this subject with retrospective illuminations. By that time, no doubt, we shall see obstreperous tumbling, new politics, or maybe social democracies or celestial republics.

Carlyle. God forbid! That were to foretell a very Dead-Sea level of universal mediocrity. Your Republic is ever inimical to the *aristos* of originality—and these spirits are the delight and hope of nations. Why, according to Dante, Satan himself was a praiseworthy figure compared with those plausible, middle-class angels who were neither faithful nor rebellious, and so were justly doomed to the penalties of the Dantean Inferno, without even the hope to die. That's the way it is with your modern clutterbuck republics. Even your hypocrites and scoundrels are miserable puny creatures. You've no more grand villains, no truly great impostors and magnificent quacks, like Cagliostro for example.

Swinton. I don't know about that. If I could make you acquainted with some of my millionaire friends in the States—wizards of finance, railroad wreckers, political bosses, strident editors, swashbucklers, and so forth—possibly you might be reassured as to the supposed degeneracy of the race. Then, on the other hand, our respectable, public-spirited citizens are occasionally grandiose in their manifestations.

Carlyle. Manifestations of presumptuous vanity. It is the same the world over. Vanity is the chief ingredient of sham munificence. Sham is universal. Much ado is made about psychical research, when ghosts are walking everywhere in broad daylight. Unsubstantial apparitions, false semblances, men who represent pretensions and keep up appearances with no reality whatever behind them—those are the ghosts, and the world, especially your America, is crammed with them.

Swinton. I have a leaning toward certain things which you heckle. Ideals themselves are, in a way, shams; yet they are more potent than reality to stimulate and exalt, and the world cherishes them. A millionaire represents a vast potentiality for either good or bad: if vanity prompts him to acts of merit, then score one to the credit of vanity. What is hospitality often but a transparent show? And yet, when a Frenchman receives you with the cordial effusion of a long-lost brother, telling you his house is your own, and all the rest of the courtly fictions, you feel a grateful warmth which the glacial "sincerity" of the Briton somehow lacks. A man's individual example, his general impress upon the world, makes for righteousness only in proportion as the hard, petty actualities of his personal life are masked. It is encouraging to believe in moral as well as physical evolution, with imagination as the protoplasmic, informing impulse. High characters are not always born on the heights: they exfoliate, graduating Godward as they grow up. What is it your poet laureate says about making

> stepping-stones
> Of our dead selves to higher things?

Carlyle. Ay! and Goethe said that long before Alfred jingled it. No doubt it's only the superficials that the world will give heed to, in spite of all a man or the devil may do. But that in no wise exempts one from the duties standing face to face with him every moment of his life. Rugged and Teufelsdröckhian as the style of expression may be, somebody will penetrate it some day; and then woe unto your oracle, unless behind the clothes there breathes a man!

Swinton. Notwithstanding all, notwithstanding the outcries of your predecessors, Jeremiah and other Hebraic seers, in some essential matters we haven't advanced much beyond the primitive Mosaism. Do you think ultimately men will get themselves into the right road towards science, faith, and the skies?

Carlyle. Who knows? They won't, I can't. Yet, as I often say, remembering the weavers of Ecclefechan, this life shows a warp of light woven on a woof of mystery.

> The wings of Time are black and white,
> Pied with morning and with night.

There must be some hope for salvation still, out of the inherent manliness of the old British thick-witted but long-winded race.

MONOLOGUE

Swinton (solus, returning cityward). Ah, Carlyle! you've a kind of a heart, a kind of a regal human soul, though the way you choke it down and deny it is a bigger sham than any you are thundering at to destroy. You don't know—and it is locked in a sanctuary of my memory, though a scene that belongs to the world's art and poetry—that when I was visiting the old cathedral at Haddington the sexton led me to a newly laid flagstone, on which was carved the tenderest tribute ever paid to wife or woman. And he said, in his broad Lothian dialect, "There is Mrs. Carlyle's grave. And Mr. Carlyle, bowed down under his white hairs, comes up here, lonesome and weary, all the way from London. I have seen him standing there in the grass greetin' [crying] like a child. Then he kneeled down at the grave, and he bent over and kissed the ground—aye, he kissed it again and again. . . ."

EPILOGUE

Walt Whitman to John Swinton, 1888. Rugged, mountainous, volcanic, he was himself more a French Revolution than any of his volumes. In some respects, so far in the nineteenth century, the very strongest, keenest mind, even from the college point of view, of all Britain. Only, he had an ailing body. Dyspepsia is to be traced in every page, and now and then fills the page. One may include among the lessons of his life how, behind the tally of genius and morals, stands the stomach, and gives a sort of casting vote. But there could be no view, or even partial picture, of the middle and latter part of our century that did not markedly include Thomas Carlyle. Under no circumstances, and no matter how completely time and events may disprove his lurid vaticinations, should the English-speaking world forget this man, nor fail to hold in honor his unsurpassed conscience, his unique method, and his honest genius.

Studies in Poverty

By the Rev. Uriah Xerxes Buttles, D.D.

In an old-fashioned town like Griggsville the true inwardness of every old resident is as well known as the post-office and the liberty pole; so, if, at the age of forty, Amasa Laws was spoken of descriptively behind his back as "old lazy Laws," it was not for nothing. When I first came to Griggsville, nineteen years ago, the family lived at the end of Turkey Street, in a house which had once been the property of Mrs. Laws's father. It was plain that the whole place had seen better days. The paint had scaled from the pillars of the front veranda till they looked as if afflicted with what is called "a breaking out." The gutters were dropping from the roof. More than one shutter lay upon the ground. The front gate was gone. The front yard was a wilderness of lilac-sprouts, roses, and wax-balls, while the garden was given over to pigweed, poke, burdock, and mullein. The barn was lop-sided, and what had once been a summer-house embowered in honeysuckles lay amid the tulip-beds a hopeless ruin. When the weather permitted, Mr. Laws sat upon the side steps

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smoking a long clay pipe. When it was cold, I always found him behind the kitchen stove—with his pipe. He did what he called "tinkerin' " in a desultory sort of way, mended clocks and watches, cleaned gummy sewing-machines, and was an adept at finding water by means of a witch-hazel wand. He also was expert at catching eels, and had spells in spring of gardening, when he planted a few potatoes, which he left to fight for existence with the weeds. He frequently explained to me that he was born without any constitution, and to hard fortune. He said he had a heart difficulty, which "kep' him from doin' " what he'd like to have done. "I'd ought to 'a' been a traveler like Bay-yard Taylor," he would sigh, "but, *lightnin' spikes! I never had no chance.* My step-father put me to learnin' th' millwright's trade, but I hadn't no taste for it. I tried carpenterin' a spell, but you hain't no idee what a p'tic'lar trade that is, or how it wears on the longs. I did some tailorin' after that. Worked for old Peter Tubbs; but he'd a way of throwin' the press-board and goose at his 'printices, and I wa'n't no under-ling. I was clerkin' in a grocery when I married Mis' Laws. It was her father kep' it, an' he wouldn't sell liquor. There wa'n't no money them days in a grocery without wet goods. Leastways, when Mr. Peets was took off suddin, an' things fell on me, I found out so. The business kinder run out, an' Father Peets 'd gone an' lef' his money all to his son in Californy. Of course, with a grocery an' this place on my hands, I couldn't do nothin' without money. I never liked this location"—here he would gaze speculatively about him, as if the rotting clapboards were no concern of his—"but Father Peets never liked me, an' he tied up things so'st it's all in Mis' Laws's hands, an' she won't sell. If I'd my way, I'd buy a place more central."

Slender, nervous Mrs. Laws probably had no "heart difficulty." She washed five days in the week to feed and, in a way, clothe her five children, and in time washed herself into the possession of a sewing-machine, with which the oldest daughter speedily began to earn something. The second girl, Susan, was an expert knitter, and could do all sorts of odd jobs, as coloring the sugar dogs, cats, and hearts adorning the confectioner's window Christmas week, and dressing dolls. The twins, Timmy and Tommy, sold fish and berries in summer, and shoveled paths in winter, and life went on in a precarious fashion for the family, till one winter Emma Jane and Susan died of pneumonia, brought on, it was discovered, by lack of woolens and too much snow drifting upon their bed at night. With secret grumblings the neighbors came to the rescue, and in spring a subscription was raised with which a stout gray horse, a red wagon, and a supply of cheap tin, glassware, paper, and buttons were bought and presented to Mr. Laws. Mr. Geer, the owner of the paper-mill, agreed to take all the rags he could collect, and, spite of himself, Mr. Laws was forced into a career of modest usefulness. Once launched upon it, the life suited him, and he spoke of himself as a "traveling merchant." But, from occult causes, from being a smart, alert beast the gray grew to be the slowest, most meditative horse in the county; and if there is money to be made in collecting rags, Mr. Laws was not the man to get it. Years at last put an end to the horse, and the cart was rolled into the ruin of a barn. Mrs. Laws and then Timmy died—afflictions, Mr. Laws averred, which were of a piece with his luck. Tommy, no doubt from too much shoveling and too little good food in his youth, has a hunchback, and Amanda, the youngest, is crippled with rheumatism; but the two have their mother's spirit, and they have put the old house in some repair and abolished the rioting weeds. The father, very sleek and plump, is in his old place either on the side steps or behind the kitchen stove by the sunny window in an easy chair, but he "tinkers" no more. Tommy is in the printing-office, and, having plenty of papers to read, the old fellow has grown disputatious, and talks more about his bad luck than ever. "I don't s'pose *com*-bines and trusts effect your business much," he said the last time I called upon him. "Umm-ah! The poor man is kep' down jus' like he's allus been kep' down. Some folks has a chance, and some hasn't. You can't git round that, and if religion makes ye patient you're lucky. My heart difficulty? Thank ye, I'm comfortable—that is, as can be expected. I have bad spells. Had one yesterday. 'Manda, she said it was the b'iled cabbage, but I tell her she makes too much of the stummick." He pulled at his weedy whiskers and puffed at his pipe a moment in silence, then broke out with much energy: "Preachin' must be terrible easy business once you're educated up to it. But I s'pose if *I'd* undertaken it something would 'a' happened. 'Tain't noways likely I'd 'a' been moored up in still water like you've been all these years, with nothin' to do but preach Sundays an' draw your salary. The Lawses, fur back as I know 'bout 'em, never had no constitution nur luck."

I went to see Mr. Bildad Jones's new house this week Monday. He calls it his "residence." As it is of pressed brick and occupies a whole square, it perhaps may be called a "residence." On one side of the central hall is a long parlor, which Mrs. Jones, who was reared in southern Indiana, calls a "saloon." On the other side is a sitting-room, and behind that is a smaller apartment which Mr. Jones explained is a "lib'ry." "I told Roxy, sez I, what under the canopy do we want of a lib'ry!" he went on, "but she would have one, for, sez she, they're dressy. That is, books are dressy, and I don't know but they be. I've had the cases built right into the walls, and finished up in mahogany, you see"—here he opened a glass door veiled with expensive lace—"but what with gettin' our moniment all fixed"—he heaved a sigh, thinking of the son and daughter lying under the costly mausoleum in the Griggsville burying-ground—"and buyin' real Turkey carpets, an' all the *shee*-val glasses Mis' Jones has set her heart on, I thought the books could wait, and I let Joe Scrann fix up these substitutes. He did the job for three dollars and seventy-five cents, and of course they'll come in for kindlin' when we get through with 'em." The substitutes proved to be wooden blocks finished at the back somewhat in book form, and all were painted red. "By an' by," resumed Mr. Jones, "I'm goin' to get you to make out a list of real likely books, and I'll order the whole layout of Jimson. He says he'll get 'em wholesale, an' I can have 'em all red. Mis' Jones thinks there's nothin' like red bindin's. They may come high—but—let 'em. I'm going to get an orchestrion for Mis' Jones's parlor. She's dreadful fond of music." Mr. Jones sighed again. "Our daughter Lily played beautiful. Fishbeck sez he can get an instrument that'll do tunes you can make head and tail of, like 'Home, Sweet Home' and 'Sweet Voy-o-lets.' You wind it up, you know, and there you are. There ain't no hurry about the books. The very last thing Mis' Jones or me 'd ever do 'd be to set down with a book."

From Mr. Jones's residence I went to call upon Mrs. Treat, widow of the late President of the Griggsville First National Bank. Gardiner, the trim, precise butler, let me in and conducted me with delightful quietness upstairs to Mrs. Treat's private parlor. If ever I attain a study and a home quite to my mind, they will be very like the Treat models. I would like, too, just such a servant as Gardiner to stand between me and the worries of the world, the book-agent, and the professional beggar. I found Mrs. Treat holding her King Charles dog in her arms and studying a history of art. She belongs to several societies for study at home, and is a most ardent student. "Go to nurse," she commanded, as a brown head and two big brown eyes appeared at the door. "Mamma is busy."

"Yes'm," said Harry, meekly; but Phebe, who was at his heels, and who is very social, protested. "I hear Dr. Buttles, mamma. I like him. I want to sit on his knee and talk."

"Go away to nurse," commanded Mrs. Treat, coldly. "Don't plague. We have no time for you this morning."

Feeling that I, too, might be "a plague," I hastened to set forth my errand. "I want to interest you in the work going on in the middle village," I began, nervously. "You see, the mills are running on half-time, and the families are

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large, and the poor women don't know how to manage. The ladies are going to teach them to sew and cook, and we need more help in the Sunday-school. If you could give, say, two hours each week—"

"Dear me, I'm not in the least philanthropic," replied my hostess, sinking back in her chair and hugging her dog to her breast. "Oh, I'll give money. I'll give—five dollars, but my nerves cannot endure poor people. Their clothes smell, and they eat onions, and they are so ignorant. They might be different if they were so minded, it seems to me. Really, it makes me ill to smell bad odors and hear complainings. I'll give ten dollars if you think five not enough. But I cannot have anything to do with that middle village set, really."

Words crowded to my lips. I wanted to protest that they were American citizens, and, if poor and ignorant, still human and brethren; but instinct caused me to forbear. Phebe was in hiding in the wide hall, and scampered out to bid me good-by. I kissed her flower-like cheek. "Do it again," she said softly, with the frankness of five years. "I like to be liked. Mamma says it's foolish, but I like it." Of course I "did it again," and as I went down the marble steps it came upon me that I had just left one of the very poorest persons in Griggsville.

Concerning Fogs and Tornadoes

By Charles L. Hogeboom, M.D.

Why are fogs increasing from year to year along our Atlantic coast? It is generally known that they are caused by the cooling of humid air below that point at which all the moisture can be held in an invisible state at any given temperature. The warmer the air, the more vapor it can hold, other conditions being the same. The laws of condensation and vaporization are constant under the same conditions. If condensation increases, it is because the conditions have changed. Now, the only great change of conditions in our country, as far as may be rationally surmised, has been a change in the earth's surface, a change which consists in a diminution of forest area, and this diminution has been enormous. Tall trees, especially those with pointed tops, like the pines, are efficient electrical conductors, serving to lower the electrical potential of the clouds. The action may be silent, as when the air is moist and the difference of electrical quantity is not great, or it may be violent, so that lightning is often observed in forests, but not nearly so often where the forest is extensive. It is the isolated tree or group of trees which is oftenest the objective point of the thunderbolt. Clouds which have passed over comparatively treeless regions are the ones to exhibit violent electrical phenomena when they come near the earth. This explains why tornadoes have increased so much in number and violence, and widened their scene of action, during the deforestation which our country has suffered. Abercrombie, in "Weather," cites a case in the French department of Loiret. There are two forest areas of from four to six miles in diameter. On the borders of one of these forests there were ten hail-storms in the space of thirty years, while in an equal area to the west, where there is no forest, there were about forty; and a like proportion was maintained with regard to the other forest and the surrounding deforested country.

The southeast quadrant of a cyclone is the favorite birthplace of the tornado, and this is an area of warm, moist air. The winds which supply the ascending currents of air in the vast elliptical area of cyclonic movement, which is generally from southwest to northeast, or from west to east, come from the Atlantic—that is, on the southeastern side of the cyclone—from the east, southeast, and south, and are laden with warm moisture. Hence, as cyclones increase fogs will increase, as well as tornadoes. But what do ascending currents of air within the cyclone area imply—increase or decrease of atmospheric pressure? The barometer tells us decrease of pressure. But is the rain area within a cyclone really a depression, as it is commonly called? Is it not, rather, an elevation of the atmosphere, causing a reduction of the pressure of the superincumbent air, and accompanied by a fall of the barometer?

The greater or less irregularity of storm movements being caused, to a great extent, by differences in the earth's surface, it follows that when those differences are made to vary by the intervention of man, as when he removes vast areas of forest cover, the storm movements are also made to vary. This explains the difficulty which has lately been experienced by the most expert forecasters. It is not from want of knowledge of the principles of weather science, or the inadequacy of the system of forecasting, which has been for many years in use, that predictions are frequently unverified. It is because of the increasing modification of conditions resulting from extensive deforestation. If removal of the protecting cover of forest, which also serves to equalize the electrical quantities of the earth and clouds, is not the cause of our change of climate, what is? Is it not sufficient? Has Great Britain the same climate that she had not many years ago, before forest devastation in Canada had denuded the surface of the province and given increased violence to the storms which cross the Atlantic? The shores of Europe have, during the past season, shown the effects of the improvident work. What effects will follow the deforestation of the valley of the Amazon—for this is undoubtedly one of the objective points of the lumber kings—when the moist earth of the river-bottoms is exposed to the burning rays of an almost vertical sun? Without undertaking to foretell what effect it would have upon storm movements, it needs but little foresight to predict that an amount of malarial poison would be generated sufficient to render the climate the most deadly ever known. Man cannot with impunity desecrate the earth and destroy its protecting cover beyond that which is necessary for a rational development, for if he does he will defeat the purposes which he should hope to see fulfilled. He must obey the laws of nature which have been established for his benefit, or suffer the penalties of disobedience.

The tornado is undoubtedly an electric storm, but is it of electric origin? May the electricity which accompanies it be generated by the force of wind-currents, or is the wind in the tornado produced by electrical action? It is probable that electricity is the most important factor, and that the tornado-cloud, formed in an atmosphere saturated with moisture, discharges its electricity in an unusual manner, in spiral currents. The theory so generally accepted, that cross-currents of wind originate the tornado, is not quite satisfactory, although whirlwinds produced by fires might be regarded as proof that an upward gyrating movement can be generated by air rushing in to supply the ascending current. The difficulty with the cross-current theory is that, according to many accounts, the first appearance of a tornado is often within an area of calm, where it is difficult to conceive there are cross-currents of wind. But it is so probable that the primal force in the formation of a tornado has a downward direction that the electrical factor would appear to be the most important. Tornadoes, however, have different forms, and perhaps different modes of formation, one invariable condition being a twisting or spiral movement. The principal difference between a tornado-cloud and a thunder-cloud is probably owing to variations of internal and external conditions, the tornado-cloud being at a lower elevation and where the air is exceedingly moist, while the thunder-cloud is generally higher and where the air is not so excessively humid. In a thunder-storm the upper clouds often discharge their electricity to those below or about them, which have less potential, and these, again, discharge their electricity to the earth. There is often a pouring rain from a thunder-cloud, and one might say that the humidity could not be greater, but the air itself is not as humid. The greatest manifestations of lightning appear after the humidity is lessened, when the air, especially among the higher clouds, offers enough resistance to the electric discharge to render it explosive. But the phenomena of thunder-storms vary, as well as those of tornadoes. The "ball of fire" which is often seen in thunder-storms, and which plays so many

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curious freaks, is far different from the straight, almost instantaneous bolt, but its formation has not been fully explained. A close relation between tornado-clouds and thunder-clouds is probable, the tornado being a departure from the ordinary manifestations which accompany atmospheric electricity; but there is probably often a mixture of the two. Hail-storms, as we know, are also thunder-storms, and hail is formed by tornadic action, which carries the rain-drops up into freezing elevations and then discharges them outside of the vortex, when they fall to the earth, or may be caught and taken up again by a succeeding tornadic whirl, and coated with a layer of ice or snow; and this operation may be repeated until the hailstone consists of several layers of the icy material and attains a considerable size.

But what practical conclusions ought to follow a consideration of the effects of deforestation? Ought timber-cutting to be allowed to proceed much further? Ought not action to be taken at once to limit it to the lowest possible degree, while other structural material is substituted? In relation to the Adirondack forests (what there is left of them), is this going to be done by granting privileges to the lumbermen to cut timber for a term of years on land purchased from them? All of us who remember the "Adirondack Forest Investigation" of a few years ago know very well what such bargains imply. The great area that is already devastated, and now of no value to the lumbermen, might well be owned by the State and allowed to grow up again into brush and small trees for the partial protection of the watershed, but it ought to be purchased at a price less than the lumbermen paid for it, for many of them have already reaped a harvest from it far greater than they deserve.

A New Romancer

Within the last decade or so there has grown up in England a distinctly new school of writers of historical romance. Despite all that has been said of the triumphs of realism, and *pace* Mr. Howells, these new writers have had immense vogue, and are gaining in popular esteem. Mr. Stevenson may be called either the founder or the forerunner of the school; the influence of Daudet and De Maupassant on the style of the best of the writers is easily traced; and the school has been productive both of finished and polished short tales and of full-fledged novels. Mr. Stevenson, Mr. Conan Doyle, Mr. Quiller-Couch, and Mr. Stanley J. Weyman may be named as the best exponents of the school—Mr. Haggard and Mr. Kipling we should be inclined to exclude, for very widely differing reasons. The publication the other day of Mr. Weyman's "A Gentleman of France," almost simultaneously with Mr. Quiller-Couch's "A Delectable Duchy," has called renewed attention to this group of writers. Both books have received notice in The Outlook already, and they are having a very wide reading. A few words about the personality and literary history of Mr. Weyman may be of interest.

Mr. Stanley J. Weyman is thirty-eight years old. He was educated at Shrewsbury and Christ Church, Oxford, taking his degree in 1877. He was called to the bar in 1881, and practiced until 1891 in the Inner Temple. His literary work began with short stories, the first of which was printed in the "Cornhill Magazine" in 1883. To this periodical and to the "English Illustrated" he contributed many tales, quite different from his recent work, and rather of the Anthony Trollope type—very modern, very quiet, very uneventful. In 1885, at the suggestion of Mr. James Payn, he wrote a long novel in the same vein. It was a complete failure, was declined by several publishers, and was finally destroyed by the author. But in the making the writer learned a great deal, and particularly the value of incident and plot, and the danger of any divergence from the story. The main idea of this book was used in Mr. Weyman's "The New Rector," published in 1891, which met with fair success.

It was in 1887 that the author, recognizing the fact that the evident taste for novels of incident was being but poorly supplied, and that mainly with the blood-and-thunder, crime-and-revenge sort of books, determined that the historical story might be revived with some success if the characters were treated, as far as possible, "modernly," and all the old properties, "alackadays" and "Gadzooks" were discarded. After a trial story, he wrote "The House of the Wolf" on this method, his first inspiration coming from a perusal of Baird's "Rise of the Huguenots." This was published as a serial in the "English Illustrated Magazine," and (after being declined, it is said, as a book by several publishers) was brought out by the Longmans. Its success was immediate; the critics as well as the public were pleased; the novel has been translated into French, and has appeared in the Tauchnitz Library and in several English and American editions.

The author then wrote "Francis Cludde," a story of the days of Bloody Mary and Queen Elizabeth, with foreign scenes; it was published by the "Leisure Hour," and then as a book by Cassell & Co. in the International Library in 1891. Its early chapters are notably good, and, with "A Gentleman of France" and "The House of the Wolf," it makes up the bulk of Mr. Weyman's best work. The novelist spent the whole of a year on "A Gentleman of France," much of the story being derived from the well-known eighteenth-century translation of an epitome of "Sully's Memoirs." Even a good deal of the style he has derived from this book. It was part of his plan to make the "Gentleman" the central and dominating figure; and for himself he prefers the part dealing with the hero's mother. Most readers will think the two things not quite consistent, and will dissent from the preference named. The novel is an admirable example of the fact that a book may be romantic without being silly, stirring without being sensational, and popular without being bereft of high literary quality. Mr. Weyman proposes to stick for the present to the historical; he thinks that this vein of writing has a bad name only because people have filled such books with lay figures, archæological padding, and archaisms, and have discarded flesh and blood. He considers the present school (for instance, "The Master of Ballantrae," "The Silver Spur," and "Micah Clarke") a reaction from this, and in particular he is a most ardent admirer of Stevenson. He has just completed two serials for periodical publication, "Under the Red Robe" and "My Lady Rotha."

What is a Sermon?

By the Rev. Charles M. Sheldon

Webster says: "A sermon is a discourse delivered in public, usually by a clergyman, for the purpose of religious instruction, and grounded on some text or passage of Scripture." This is a pretty good definition as far as it goes, but we venture to say that Mr. Webster would have improved on this definition if he had ever tried to preach one hundred different discourses every year.

It is a little unfair also, perhaps, to let the pulpit try to answer the question, "What is a Sermon?" The pews might answer it more truthfully, because they are constantly hearing sermons and the preacher is not. But the pulpit ought to be able to say something on this subject.

We shall perhaps best arrive at certain conclusions good-naturedly by noting briefly the following:

1. Aim of the Sermon?

The broad aim of the sermon is man-building. It is not so much instruction as construction. It is not only the giving of right definitions of life—it is the building up of life itself in the individual. The preacher looks out every Sunday on a large variety of the human. There face him indifference, stupidity, intellectual pride (which could preach better sermons any day without half trying), money-making ambition, doubt, unrest, trouble, selfishness of all sorts, struggles for better things, youth, old age, manhood, womanhood, rich, poor, college-bred and uneducated, all sorts of family experiences, sin and virtue, ripe Christian

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experience and total lack of spiritual apprehension—all these confront a man as he stands up with the result of a week's work packed into what we call a sermon. That instrument, such as it is, is the preacher's weapon for the man-building process. There ought to be something in it for everybody. I ask the question if we preachers do not very often preach to one class of men or to one kind of souls? Man building is our business, not the destruction of opinions or the building up of ideas. We have a right to feel dissatisfied if we preach sermons which do not add something to the structure of a man's spiritual edifice.

2. Materials of a Sermon?

Everything a man can get hold of. A sermon ought to contain heaven and earth, light and air, mountain and valley, human being and animal, space, time, everything. It ought to be the very quintessence of the universe. A sermon is extract of God and man combined. This is ideal, perhaps. But that is what we are after; and we are very fortunate in belonging to a profession that has a right to the ideal. The sermon is the only instrument that I know of which is capable of this treatment. All other literary works are limited or defined. The sermon is not. We have the whole Bible to draw from. The issues at stake are without comparison as to eternal value. Everything which touches life at any conceivable point is the preacher's material. The universe is his to select illustrations from. The soul is the basis of his operations. And as that is unlimited in its possible development, so the materials used for helping that development should be unlimited also. Texts or themes or special subjects may always come from the Scriptures. That is because the Bible contains the best of everything spiritual, and there would be nothing gained by going outside of it for texts. But so far as materials themselves are concerned, no one can limit them. If a preacher ever has a right to tell all he knows, it is in a sermon. It won't be too much, generally. And if he is alive, he may hope to know more before another Sunday.

3. Length of the Sermon?

That should depend on three things: (1) The sermon itself; (2) the preacher himself; (3) the people themselves. If the sermon is poor, it should be short. This is an inflexible rule. If the preacher is in doubt about it, or in poor condition physically, he had better make it brief. If the people for any reason are in a poor condition to receive preaching, that should determine the duration of preaching. A quick-eyed, quick-minded preacher will see these things. Other things being equal, it is quite safe to say that the average preacher in this country cannot safely or profitably hold an audience over thirty-five minutes in a continuous sermon. There is no good reason for that, except the weakness of the preacher. People will listen to lectures an hour and a half, attentively. They will not tire of music in twice that time. There might be enough in a sermon to keep a mixed audience intensely roused for an hour. Why not? Isn't it the one thing which contains all heaven and earth, as we have defined it? After all, the length of the sermon depends on the preacher. If he can preach an hour, and not only keep his audience awake but send them home rested, he is entitled to that hour. The trouble with most of us is that we can tell all we know in about twenty minutes. Then that is our limit. There is no more particular virtue in making a sermon just so long than there would be in making every man's hat a uniform size. I know a doctor of divinity who faces a clock in his church. He begins his sermon promptly at thirty-two minutes past eleven, and closes it just as the minute-hand gets over the hour-hand at twelve precisely. I never knew him to vary more than a minute either way. That man's sermons are not flexible enough. They are time-servers. A good sermon may be anywhere from ten minutes to an hour and a half. To fix any particular time is to destroy the whole idea of the sermon as a man-builder.

4. Use of Materials?

Whether the materials shall be put together in a written form, or given out memoriter, or extemporaneously, will always depend on the preacher. Some can never write in full, and some can never deliver without notes. That makes little difference. Powerful examples can be found in history of successful sermonizers who illustrate all uses of material. If the preacher be a preacher after men, the methods will be subordinate always. But there is always room for variety of method in the putting together of materials in a sermon. The element of surprise will go a large way towards giving the preacher an attentive hearing. If people know just how he is going to begin a sermon, if they can guess with considerable certainty his line of argument or persuasion, and tell about when and where he is coming out, the preacher is at a disadvantage from the start. If he can put his materials together never twice alike, he has solved the problem of attention from the start; and that is half the battle. In the use of materials I have come to be a believer in anything that will insure the eyes and ears of my congregation. Even the sensational use of illustrations, kindergarten methods, object-lessons, anything, is preferable to a monotony of uses which will deaden a congregation to the point of exasperation. A sermon should have a new pattern every time.

5. Subjects for the Sermon?

Never anything small. Large subjects are the only subjects for sermons. And there are plenty of them. The world is full of them. Themes that will absorb a whole man, compass the universe, shake the whole fabric of a soul, these are the themes for sermons. Here is where we have failed in power. It has been the same in our church prayer service. The subjects chosen have been subordinate, not overmastering. We ought never to dare preach anything less every time than the whole of man's relations to God and to himself. The sermons that take hold of men are not developments of side issues or disputed half-truths, but the bearing down with all the powers of heaven and earth on what men know and feel—the whole truths of existence, truths to which heart and mind and soul say, as the preacher goes on, "That is so!" In this connection we might ask, "Shall we preach on topics of the times? Shall politics and social science and race problems furnish subjects?" Yes, everything that belongs to humanity belongs to the sermon. But in the development of such subjects the aim of the sermon should be kept in mind. The man-building process should go on; life is the preacher's business. And his subjects must be large, or he will not get over the ground in a short lifetime. If every preacher preached every sermon as if it were his last, choosing the biggest subject he could get, and pouring it out without regard to expense of energy or material, the result would be something wonderful. After all, the preacher is the one man who has nothing to gain by waiting for great occasions. Every occasion is great. And the subject should fit it. Preaching is not like any other business in this respect—a good sermon will not keep. It must out, to give room for more. Sermons with great subjects that have been kept on ice for rare occasions are not well preserved. They are simply cold.

6. Personality of the Sermon?

A true sermon is the emphasized personality of the preacher. A fanatic is a man who puts an undue quality of himself into what he does. A crank is a person who revolves ideas about himself, often perversely. A bigot is a person who narrows opinions about himself. All these may be wrong, or mistaken, or absurd in action. Nevertheless, they have a certain well-defined power, and that power has its value in the element of personality. The true preacher puts himself into every sermon. He need not say "I," or "me." He need not mention, in the first person, his opinions or beliefs at all. Nevertheless, the sermon will take its true value, and go its way, and be received by the hearer, just in proportion to the emphasized personality of the preacher. Very little else counts in the long run. Blood earnestness, conviction, love for men, downrightness, uprightness, fearlessness, all these make sermons. Style and grammar, and texts and the use of them, will count for little if the man be not back of it all. The preacher is God's phonograph. But he is a phonograph with a personality of his own.

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Six Weeks in an Old French Town

By Katharine DeForest

"If we could find a little place in Rouen that was cheap," I said to Alice, meditatively.

"*And* hungry," she went on, cheerfully, in the same tone of voice.

"Something that's not a hotel," I continued, taking no notice of her interruption. "Say a school—a *pensionnat* like Madame Beck's, in 'Villette.'"

"Or an enchanted palace like the Sleeping Beauty's in the wood," added Alice, encouragingly.

"I shouldn't mind going there for a little while. But nobody wants to put all her vacation money into Rouen, as we certainly shall if we go to one of those ruinous provincial French hotels. Provided we see the cathedral, and St. Ouen, and St. Maclou—"

"And the spot where Joan of Arc was burned."

"The spot where Joan of Arc was burned is of the least importance, my dear. There's no more unsatisfactory sight in Europe than spots. I wish I had back all the dreary hours I've spent toiling to look at sites when I might have been feasting my eyes on cathedrals and pictures. Spots are the last things that tempt me. But what I was thinking is that we might write to the Mayor of Rouen and ask him for the address of a school where they take *pensionnaires*, and then, if it was interesting and had a garden—"

"And had anything to eat," put in Alice.

"And we liked it, we might stay there and take our churches leisurely. And if we didn't like it we could take our churches hurriedly, and in either case we shouldn't have spent our money, and could go on somewhere else afterwards. What do you say to that plan?"

"I say that it is a most wise and excellent plan, O sage!" answered Alice. "But do you suppose we can find a school?"

"I suppose we can try," I answered.

We did try, and we succeeded. And the many misgivings with which we started for the "Pensionnat de Madame Ramy, Boulevard Jeanne d'Arc, Rouen," which address we had carefully deciphered from the extremely spidery handwriting of the Rouen Mayor, gave way to an equal number of regrets when we said good-by to the quaint Norman capital six weeks later. For nothing in this world would we have missed the delight of having lived there like real Rouennaises, or having had a glimpse of a traditional French school, such as we had read about in books, and of which this is a true description.

Like every other school in France, it was built around a garden. It was a garden laid out into long aileys bordered with box and old-fashioned flowers, and bounded on one side by a high wall over which clambered peach and pear and quince trees, standing airily on their sturdy trunks like so many one-legged dancers.

Round the other two sides went the school-rooms and the refectory, all fresh and exquisitely neat, with their tinted walls bare except for the great wooden crucifix at either end of the refectory, and the maps of France in the school-rooms. I never saw maps of any other countries. Indeed, I think the children had only a vague idea that there were any.

Upstairs were the *dortoirs*, also long, bare rooms, divided by immaculately sheer white curtains into rows of little cells, in which each child had her own little table and washstand, a chair, and a square of mirror so small that certainly no one could ever have feared that the development of personal vanity would form a part of her education.

On the front, facing the street, was the big house in which we lived with Madame Ramy and the two mistresses who took charge of the school. Madame Ramy was a very old lady, so old that it is quite polite to tell her age, which was eighty-five. We used to see her sitting all day in a high-backed chair with her hands folded on her lap before her and her feet on a little footstool, like Whistler's mother in the Luxembourg. She had the same general air of fine porcelain about her, and the same delicate pink in her cheeks, and she had the same far-seeing, peaceful light in her eyes.

When we came in from our walks we used to take our work and sit down beside her, and then she would talk to us, after the manner of the old, always of her childhood, which she had spent in the Midi; and she always began her tales by saying: "It was in the Midi. How the sun shone! and the sky was as blue as heaven."

She could remember when Napoleon came back from Elba, and the thunderings of the days after Waterloo. "All our corridor was filled with guns—*croisés comme ça*," she would say, crossing her delicate fingers. "We slept in the attic—'twas the English who were the masters. Then one didn't love the English. Now times are changed, I don't know why."

She had no philosophy in her ideas of the universe, and, indeed, nothing could have been further from the current intellectual standpoint of the world than the conversation of all of us when we met at the table. It made us realize as nothing else could the separation of Rome, pure and simple, from all that lies around it. For the two mistresses, who were extremely well educated in their way, might have stepped out of the Middle Ages. We kept our own opinions modestly to ourselves, and conversed amiably with them on such subjects as why the Church postponed the canonization of Jeanne d'Arc as a saint, or what would be the ultimate fate of persons who died outside of the true faith. We found that they had gone so far in liberalism as to say that if one followed the faith of his own Church, even if it was not the Church of Rome, God would perform a miracle and save him. "They are afraid to canonize Jeanne d'Arc for fear of offending the English," one of the two little black ladies said one evening at dinner. "But why, Mademoiselle, should it offend the English?" we asked, with but little pretense of concealing our surprise. "It was the English that burned Jeanne d'Arc," Mademoiselle answered, with conviction. "But that was a good while ago, Mademoiselle." To this Mademoiselle answered nothing. She looked at us oddly, as though searching for some common ground on which our ideas could meet, and then she seemed to abandon the search as useless, and changed the subject.

For the first week we spent there, so much of a little world seemed to lie in the four walls around us that we almost forgot to take interest in the old town outside. We sat at one end of the garden with our books and work, and watched the children as they escaped from the school-room and swarmed up and down the alleys like so many black bees. All the girls, big and little, wore uniforms—dark serge gowns, covered with great black alpaca aprons—and belts of different colors, according to the rank, crossed, and hanging down in tabs behind.

They ran and jumped, or walked up and down the alleys arm in arm, and we used to see them singing little rounds—

Sur le pont d'Avignon
L'on y danse,
L'on y danse,

or one that seemed to be a great favorite—

Que t'as de belles filles,
Giroflé, girofla!
Que t'as de belles filles,
L'amour m'y comptera,"

danced like a sort of minuet, with the tips of the fingers daintily lifting the skirts.

On the last day of our first week occurred the great and solemn event of the year, the "Distribution of Prizes." It was an occasion of such momentous import that it seemed to quite overshadow in importance anything that might be going on in the outer world.

At an early hour of the morning the *coiffeur* appeared, with any number of curling-tongs and other such tokens of elegant civilization, and he was followed by various white-capped *blanchisseuses*, holding out at arm's length wondrously starched and stiffened white frocks. Everything was flutter and bustle. Even the under teachers relaxed the solemn severity of their every-day faces, and

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went in and out with mysterious-looking parcels, through the loopholes of which one caught a glimpse of an end of ribbon or a flower.

About one o'clock Monsieur the Curé of the parish arrived, accompanied by two satellites, all of whom were promptly seated on an elevated platform, constructed for the occasion, at the end of the refectory. Then, one by one and in little groups, followed the various mothers and patrons of the day-school—pleasant-looking specimens of the provincial *bourgeoisie*, in very gay bonnets—with an occasional father, wearing imprinted on his countenance that proud air of paternity that is so characteristic of French fathers. Finally, when everybody else seemed to have arrived, Alice and I, in our best hats and very light kid gloves, walked solemnly across the garden and took seats in the refectory, near the door, to "assist," as the French call it, in the proceedings.

On either side of M. le Curé were great piles of books, those books with red covers and gilt edges that are destined to pass their lives in adorning center-tables, and never by any chance in being read.

"I'll venture to say that they're all copies of Mme. de Sévigné's or Mme. de Girardin's letters," whispered Alice.

There were also equal piles of laurel crowns, made out of very shiny green paper leaves; and the distribution of these distinguished marks of honor, both books and crowns, seemed to be conducted very much on the principle of that in the Alice book, where "they all drew prizes—and they all began with an M"—for there was not a child who did not get one, and they were all exactly alike, so far as we could see.

Through the entire length of the hot July afternoon an endless round of piano-playing and recitations and crowning went on, while we sat there, afraid of hurting the feelings of our good friends, the two little black ladies, by leaving before the performance was finished; and meanwhile hearing the bees buzzing in the garden, and wishing there were no unwritten laws that kept people from improving the shining hours each after his or her fashion.

That one "Distribution des Prix" will last us for the rest of our lives.

It was not till after the school closed that we became acquainted with the town outside. We had already grown fond of the Hôtel Bourgtheroulde, where we went to our banker's. It was a lovely old sixteenth-century palace in a courtyard, covered with Renaissance carvings, and as we went in and out for our letters we stopped to look at the splendid bas-relief that ran along one side, representing the meeting of Henry the Eighth and Francis the First on the Cloth of Gold.

But our favorite of all the reliefs was the fourth, which illustrated Petrarch's sonnets. In an old book we found that in the sixteenth century Petrarch's sonnets sprang up all over Europe, as did Sidney's Arcadia in England, and that between the little wood-carvings designed to illustrate the virtues and beauties of Laura, at the head of each volume in an old edition published by Gabriel Giolotto in Venice in 1545, and the bas-relief of the Hôtel Bourgtheroulde there was such a resemblance that there was no doubt of their having come from the same inspiration.

Oddly enough, in an edition of Lamartine that we turned over in Madame Ramy's library the poet spoke of this same old Venetian edition, in which Petrarch's works on politics and philosophy and his "Africa" filled two thousand pages, and his immortal sonnets seven. It used to lie on Lamartine's work-table—the old oak table at which his father and grandfather had worked before him—among the old books that had been so well thumbed by them and by him. "What a perfect image is the book of the vanity of labor," said Lamartine. "A man passes his life in erecting an immense and laborious monument to perpetuate his memory, and posterity keeps of it only a single stone." But it was certainly a great deal, we thought, to have one's memory go down through the ages in such beautiful carvings in stone!

Another favorite corner of ours in Rouen was the old market, "The Market of the Old High Tower," as it was called. On Friday mornings we went there with one or other of the Mademoiselles, each of us carrying, like all the Rouennaises, a filet, or netted bag, in which to bring home our purchases.

A continuous stream of people poured through the irregular and picturesque streets of the old town down the little Rue de l'Épicerie. Parisian toilettes walked side by side with peasants in white caps or blue blouses, while here and there gleamed out the brilliant red of an officer's uniform.

As one came out of the crooked street into the market in the great square in front of the old palace of the Dukes of Normandy, the eye was bewildered by the color and movement. Great umbrellas of green and red cotton shaded stalls containing every imaginable thing that can possibly be bought and sold—piles of scarlet tomatoes and golden lemons, yellow peaches and purple egg-plant, pats of butter in green leaves, bright red cherries and great hearts of cream cheese, little baskets of wood strawberries, artichokes on long stalks, odd shapes of earthen pottery, dolls with staring wooden faces, stalls entirely hung with curious hand needlework, masses of flowers, rabbits, pigeons, hens, chickens, and ducks. All around the three sides sat families of peasants in groups, with their farm produce picturesquely arranged about them. An old man in a black velveteen coat carefully held a great green cotton umbrella over his wife's snowy cap, while she ostentatiously nursed in her arms two pretty speckled hens, meanwhile keeping up a running fire of banter with the passers-by. In front of them were baskets holding piles of eggs and peaches, offsetting each other with that artistic coquetry that even French peasants have, while at their feet played a sociable company of the famous young ducks, or *cannetons de Rouen*, the rivals of our American canvas-backs.

"Regard these peaches, Madame," the woman called out as we passed. "They are not only good, but beautiful." "And expensive," we added, for eight cents seemed entirely too much to pay for a peach. We never trusted ourselves in the hands of the Philistines in buying, and the laden filets with which we walked home were entirely the result of Mademoiselle's shrewd bargaining, conducted with so much good-natured repartee on both sides of the transaction that we were never quite sure which came out ahead.

And now, in telling of the out-of-the-way corners of Rouen, I have left myself no space in which to speak of the things there that every one sees, none of which we missed. We went faithfully in search of the spot where Jeanne d'Arc was burned, which we could not gaze upon because a house had been built over it; and we never set our watches at night to the sound of the curfew-bell, which had rung uninterruptedly since the days of William the Conqueror, without thinking that the same bell must have counted out the hours for her in her lonely prison. The old clock and the bell-tower are nearly five hundred years old now, and in all those years the clock has gone without stopping.

The bones of William the Conqueror reposed in the cathedral, and the heart of Richard the Lion-Hearted in the museum of ceramics, lined with Puvis de Chavanne's lovely mural paintings; and in the beautiful churches we spent fully half our time, growing to love St. Ouen with that sense of possession that comes to every one who learns to know this most inspiring church in the world.

When we said good-by to Rouen we came away under the spell of the spirit of the Renaissance, the breath of hope, of gayety, that traversed all its art; and the place lies in my memory with fleeting souvenirs of the last drive we took on the last day we spent there—a forest of delicious beeches, with the sunlight flickering through their branches, an old woman in a scarlet petticoat coming along the road bent beneath a weight of pine-boughs and trailing branches, bluebells and poppies in the wheat-fields, hedges overgrown with wild blackberries, tangled orchards, breezy clouds floating through blue sky, and Rouen, gray and hoary, dipping her feet in the Seine, with her towers and the slender flèche of her cathedral soaring upward into the light.

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The Home

The Real and the Fancied

It is rightly said that this is the age of woman. She certainly has been a discovery to some, and they have employed heralds to announce the fact. There is not the slightest danger, at present, that woman will be allowed to hide her light under a bushel. She will not even confine it to the housetop, but will bear it in procession along the thoroughfare.

There are a few women who still believe that every public question requires a little thought, and sometimes even careful study; there are women still so dull as to be puzzled for the answer to public problems even after they have spent thought and study upon them. These women are probably still burdened with the tradition that life is intricate, and that public questions cannot be handled like potatoes, one at a time—each to have its eyes rubbed off, all loose skin removed, and be put down an item by itself.

"What solution have you for the problems we are facing this winter?" was asked of a busy woman, in semi-tragic tones, at a reception given by another woman.

"None," was the answer, in all innocence of the deluge of contempt that would overwhelm her from the questioner at the insufficiency of her reply.

"Not any?" in great surprise, came at last. "Well, you amaze me! I have. If all this money had been put in the hands of women, these questions would have been settled long ago."

"But the best men in the city are struggling with, and only partly solving, the problems; not a few of them even doubt whether they understand how to meet the conditions, whether any of the plans they have helped to formulate are wise, are the best."

"Doubtless that is the state of mind of these men. Let them hand the questions and the money over to the women; they will soon settle the problems. Do you not agree with me?"

"I never have thought that judgment was a question of sex."

A look that would have wilted a grenadier was the only response as this forerunner of her sex turned in indignant silence.

Woman has discovered herself *en masse*. But the intelligent observer discovered her long ago. She took every opportunity offered her for education, and she used every opportunity to apply her education after it was her possession. The year 1893 was her opportunity to show what her education, her training in organization, her belief in her responsibility for the common fame and common good of her country, enabled and compelled her to do. Woman as woman centralized may have been a discovery to some, but woman as a positive influence, a common factor in national development, is not the discovery of a year ago.

She is not a phenomenon, but a human being, who needs education, experience, and natural endowment to use with wisdom the opportunities that come to her. She holds no patent from nature that saves her from error of judgment, nor endowment that frees her from the toilsome years of preparation, if she is to reach the position her true lover sees her filling.

If frankness, loyalty, and honor ought to reign anywhere, it is in the hearts of the children of the Gospel that they should find their seat of empire.—*Le Courtier*.

The Gospel of Giving

By Kate Upson Clark

The more one ponders the teachings of the Gospel, the more one is astonished at Christ's knowledge of human nature. He knew the men of his own day so well that he frightened them; he knows us better than we know ourselves; and he knows the man who will live in centuries to come, in cities yet unbuilt, better than his brother will know him. It was, therefore, to be expected that in his Word we should find, as we do, a clear statement of human duty in almost every conceivable relation, and applicable to the men of every age and country. This is especially marked in reference to the duty of giving. He could not express the case more strongly than when he bids us give because the poor are only a part of himself. "Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of these little ones, ye did it not unto me." Mohammed has put it in much the same way when he has said: "Allah stands begging of thee when thy brother asketh help."

And yet a writer in a religious journal some time ago advanced the idea that it was wise to check a child who showed an undue desire to give; that it was selfish to give because one liked to, and that such selfishness should be kept well in leash; and that the child who showed an undue appreciation of the benefits of accumulation should not be too severely dealt with.

This would seem like a general admonition to check the exercise of truthfulness, temperance, and loving-kindness, because one derives increasing pleasure from the practice of these virtues. One cannot help reflecting that the child who is miserly at six stands a chance of being infinitely "close" at fifty, and that he should therefore be at six most signally dealt with; and the whole sentiment is utterly against the spirit of the New Testament.

It is possible that over-generosity is the cause of the poverty of "the masses," though this is more than questionable. Whatever may be true of them, however, lavish generosity is not a noticeable fault among the members of our churches. Most of us are deplorably selfish. We keep the best ourselves and give away the fragments. The stingy, well-to-do church member is the bugbear of every pastor.

A distinguished clergyman, of whose veracity there can be no doubt, recently told of a good man in a great city, who, having become launched upon a promising career in early life, determined to cease amassing for himself when he had accumulated fifty thousand dollars, and to give to the Lord all that he made thereafter. The sum he had set for himself was soon gathered together, and during the forty years which had elapsed since then he had given his entire income from his business, which had never been less than sixty thousand dollars per year, to the Lord. This was a truly generous man—and yet he did no more than the New Testament enjoins upon each one of us.

The tenth commandment is just as important, possibly, in its effect upon character, as any other, and yet it is the one of which we hear the least. It would almost seem as though the Bible had been purposely made up without advising men to even a proper care for their own wants and the wants of those who are dear to them, in the knowledge that there was no need for such an injunction. Is there any such passage in the whole Scriptures, excepting that in Tim. v., 8—"But if any provide not for his own, and specially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel"?

On the other hand, look at the array of texts bidding us to give. It is no wonder that Count Tolstoï, and others who interpret literally the commands of Christ, consider it unscriptural to lay up anything for the future, and to provide more than bare necessaries for the present.

In the first place, no nation was ever required to give like the Jews. A noted Hebrew student computes that in their various offerings and sacrifices they were compelled to bestow fully one-third of their yearly income upon the Lord. Modern Jews probably give very nearly as much.

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Is this the reason why they have been blessed with substance far above any other nation?

Turning to the New Testament, we find it bristling—especially Christ's own teachings, as reported in the Book of Matthew—with commands to give. It would be a work of supererogation to repeat these. They are familiar to everybody. But where do we find such injunctions as: "Do not give too freely. It may please you so to do, but beware of such indulgence. It is only selfishness;" or, "Beware how you get a reputation for generosity, or you will be annoyed constantly by appeals from all sorts and conditions of men"?

There is a singular lack of this sort of texts in the New Testament.

Mr. Howells shows a genuine sense of moral proportion when he makes Mr. Peck say in "Annie Kilburn:" "It is bad for the child to use naughty words and to scratch and bite, but it is worse for her to covet."

Miss Larcom, in her beautiful poem "Shared," wrote:

> Rich by my brethren's poverty!
> Such wealth were hideous. I am blest
> Only in what they share with me,
> In what I share with all the rest.

And in the same poem occur the beautiful lines:

> Among the immortal gods
> Unthrift is thrift.

George Herbert wrote:

> Who shuts his hand, hath lost his gold.
> Who opens it, hath it twice told.

The Bible and the poets—"the only truth-tellers left to God"—give no quarter to the covetous man; they are full of choice pledges to him who gives.

Practical Philanthropy

Mrs. John W. Sherwood, with a number of philanthropic women of New York, has organized a society in New York having in view the removal to country homes of girls and women who have been employed in factories in this city. The present financial depression has forced many factory-women to consider some other mode of self-support than that offered by factories in the overcrowded cities. The proposed society, "Kind Words," asks the addresses of people in the country who are willing to take untrained servants and train them. The society has organized an intelligence office, and may be reached by addressing Manhattan Athletic Club Rooms, Madison Avenue, New York.

There are many dangers on both sides. Comparatively few girls and women who have earned their living in factories have the slightest knowledge of housekeeping; the very habit of their lives is that of knowing but one thing and doing but one thing, and that without a sense of responsibility.

There are women all over the country who, when they read of the philanthropic efforts that have become a part of the city life, feel that they are living almost without object, because they cannot take part actively in these efforts. If this movement of Mrs. Sherwood's succeeds, every woman, no matter how remote her home from a busy center of activity, will have her opportunity to take one or two girls, and do for these one or two more than can be done by a whole engine of organization, for she will have them under her direct personal influence all the time; she will be able to enforce laws of cleanliness and order until obedience to these laws becomes habit; she will be able to train the intelligence, many times to awaken it; her task will not be easy; it will require rare tact and patience. Women in remote villages and hamlets, who now find it impossible to keep help, would better combine and secure from the city half a dozen or more girls at the same time. The wisdom of this course will be that the girls will have companionship, and the sense of loneliness, which is the greatest burden a city-bred woman feels when forced to live in the country, will, in a measure, be removed. It will take a woman of tact, of deep as well as broad sympathies, to make a city-bred girl, with the habits of factory life fixed, happy and contented in a country home, but it can be done.

Another Library Table

1. Two five-cent pieces, one with an S on it, the other with a B.
2. Some doctor's old day-book.
3. An eye from a dress (without the hook), a toy cart, and a toy hoe.
4. A tart, the letter R, and the figure 8.
5. A tangled skein of twist on a card on which an olive is drawn.
6. A photograph of the wife and children of a minister.
7. A child's red mitt with a deep cuff.
8. The date, March the 15th.
9. A long, slender letter A cut from cardboard.
10. A lamp with the wick burned and oil consumed.
11. Two nut-meats from an English walnut and several silver coins.

A Basis of Contrast

Every citizen is, or should be, interested in the cost of maintaining public institutions for the care of the helpless poor. Under the old system, which gave the managers of insane asylums independence, the cost was over $206 per capita. Last year, under the management of the Lunacy Commission, the cost was reduced to $190, and is expected to become still lower. During the last few months the other charitable institutions spending State money have been investigated. The first result obtained by this investigation is that it costs to maintain the five thousand inmates of the several institutions $271 per capita. To estimate the cost of maintaining an inmate at a charitable institution, rent must be counted in as one item; that is, there must be a basis of per capita calculation on the cost of building, land, and maintenance. The average citizen of New York State enjoys $556.02 worth of real estate. The average inmate of some of the State charity institutions enjoys $1,020 worth. This is due to the extravagant buildings. One institution under the care of the State has a gateway that cost $30,000. Statistics of the National Bureau show that the average American family contains 5.17 persons. The examination into the New York State charitable institutions shows that for the average family to be supported by its own endeavors as the State cares for a corresponding number under its care in its charitable institutions, it must expend, if maintained on the basis of the best managed of these institutions, an average of $660 per annum; to live at the rate maintained per capita in the worst managed of the State institutions, the average American family would have to spend $1,550 per annum. The investigation shows that many of the institutions occupy less than 70 per cent. of the buildings erected. This, of course, means unemployed space, extravagance in the matter of heating and lighting, and in many cases of service. More inmates would not require more attendance, more heat, or more light. It is also claimed that large sums are spent in experimenting on methods of education. Were this the only extravagance, the intelligent citizen would be willing to bear his taxation without grumbling, for he well knows that scientific educational experiments on children, whose food, exercise, and bathing can be controlled, offer the best field for useful results—results which will be valuable to all educators. Extravagance in buildings, or in the care of those who often would be happier were they made to contribute, in a measure, to their own support, is intolerable. Whether this investigation will lead to permanent reform is a question which public sentiment, supported by intelligence alone, can decide. It is certain that no argument can be convincing in favor of expending more on the average family supported by the State than can be ex-

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pended by the average American family living by its own exertions.

Self-Support and Girls' Clubs

Dear Outlook:

While agreeing with you as to the unfortunate prominence given to the question of self-support in working-girls' clubs, I take exception to your comparison of clubs to colleges, and of club members to college students. There are two distinct conceptions of a working-girls' club; one is educational, the other social. In one club, class-work is the chief object of existence; in another it is made subsidiary to the social life of the organization. One is distinctly educational, the other distinctly social. As a matter of fact, most clubs partake of the nature of both ideals—some inclining more in the one direction, some in the other. It seems to me that much of the discussion on self-support has arisen from a confusion of these two conceptions. In so far as the club is an evening school governed by a Board of Managers not chosen by the students, nor responsible to them, it should not expect to support classes by the fees of club members, especially when those club members are most of them young women already overburdened by the cares of life. If the club, however, is social and self-governing, if it is somewhat exclusive in its character, requiring the indorsement of a club member for admission, if classes are started among members because of certain desires and needs that a sufficient number of them have manifested, it holds a different relation towards the question of self-support. Those who hold this conception as the better one usually care more for the development of the spirit of loyalty to the club, personal responsibility for its welfare, and co-operation in all its undertakings, than for the training of the individual to greater usefulness by means of an increase in her wage-earning capacity; my own experience has been that but few club thinkers hold rigidly to either conception, yet their attitude towards self-support is apt to be determined by their relation to one or the other conception.

It is unfortunate that the term self-support, with its limited meaning, should have been chosen. Self-reliance expresses more truly the spirit that should animate the social club.

There has been, without doubt, a good deal of hair-splitting. The letter has killed where the spirit should have given life. The example and standard of a strong, large city club, which can choose members among thousands of workingwomen, has paralyzed the humbler endeavors of a club among the factory-girls of a small town. Different needs and conditions have too often been ignored, and in the desire to maintain the principle of self-support (the third principle, be it remembered, only of value as it grows out of co-operation and self-government, and even then stated as the "effort towards self-support") many of the finer fruits of club life have remained undeveloped.

There is no doubt that in many towns and cities an evening school is the thing most needed, and the wisest way to begin club work. In other places the opportunities offered by the public evening schools make the social work of the club, the training by business meetings, discussions, and friendly evenings, of greater importance.

Much of the strenuous advocacy of self-support has proceeded from a desire to maintain democratic principles in the club—the principles of equal responsibility and equal co-operation as far as the limitations of life permit; but there is no doubt that, like all earnest believers, these advocates may have occasionally been betrayed into a spirit of intolerance toward a "board of managers" with funds behind them from unknown friends.

Self-reliance proceeding from co-operation and self-government is what we all are striving for. If some are further on the road to its attainment than others, because of many favoring conditions, they owe it to those in the rear to make their example a cause of inspiration, not of depression, and, above all, to be absolutely honest in their statements regarding actual self-support.

E. M. H.

While agreeing in the main with our correspondent's position, we still think that it is perfectly justifiable to say that there is an analogy between a college and a working-girls' club. Both exist for educational and social purposes, and prominence is given to each; members of both are expected to pay, at least in part, for what they receive; both must be maintained through gifts, if they are to reach their highest development. Different sections develop, or should develop, clubs that differ. Clubs in the same city will differ greatly. Every club will be a composite photograph, to use a figure, of members, officers, and environment. The educational and social opportunities of every working-girls' club should have equal prominence, and should minister equally to the development of the members. The reason why the prominence given to the subject of self-support in the clubs is unfortunate, is that it uses time and brain-force that could be better applied; it leads to petty dissensions; it gives to money too great a prominence. In the great majority of clubs it would be impossible to support the clubs on the dues. There is always a percentage of the members who are out of work, and who are unable to pay the dues, no matter how small a sum they represent. Money can be raised through entertainments given in the clubs by the members. No greater mistake has been made in the management of working-girls' clubs than selling tickets at prices far beyond the reach of the working-girls, for entertainments with which the members of the clubs have no connection. It is really an insult to every member who pays her dues to see a card bearing this legend, "For the benefit of —— Working-Girls' Club," sold to make money for the club where she meets all her obligations. This is making a public appeal without her consent, or, if with her consent, she does not understand what it means. Money for the support of clubs should be the gift of friends who recognize the benefit they are to the life of the nation. A well-managed, educational working-girls' club is to-day the strongest, most direct fight against the ignorance which is responsible for the dirt, disorder, disease, and intemperance in our workingmen's homes; a working-girls' club is the most positive influence against ignorance among the women of the working classes. It is the place where education is, or should be, the most desired possession on earth. Full classes are much better evidence of the life of a club than a well-attended social evening. Each has its place. The social life of a club represents its negative force, its classes its positive force; and if these latter classes cost so much that a girl cannot meet her dues and pay for the classes, then the club comes far short of its opportunity in educating the future wives and mothers of our working men and women.

From the Day's Mail

Dear Outlook:

In your issue of January 6 there was given a recipe for making "entire wheat bread" with baking-powder. For two years I have made the bread successfully, using *yeast* as in making white bread. I give my directions for the benefit of those who prefer yeast instead of baking-powder:

Entire Wheat Bread.—For one large loaf, take five teacupfuls of the flour, half a cake of compressed yeast, one teaspoonful salt, two tablespoonfuls white sugar, one small tablespoonful of lard, one pint of milk or milk and water. Use the milk and lard quite warm; the yeast, too, must be thoroughly dissolved in warm water. Mix less stiff than white bread, and raise over night. Bake one hour or more in an oven moderately hot.

M. J. F.

Another correspondent sends the following directions for the making of whole wheat bread:

Inquiry has been made as to the making of wheat bread—"whole meal" as some call it. We make it precisely like other bread, raised with yeast, and treated in every way like the usual white bread. And we find it more palatable, more wholesome, more nourishing, more natural, than the mere white starch of superfine flour. As we have said, when made of inferior wheat it is bitter, and then sugar or molasses is used to sweeten it The pure, good flour needs no sweetening.

D. M. D.

Dear Outlook:

This letter is prompted by an article I saw in a recent number of The Outlook on the danger of ladies carrying their pocketbooks where they could be snatched.

A man from our Mission (Bible and Fruit Mission, 416 East Twenty-sixth Street) was trying to lead a better life. Being in the horse-car one day, a lady took the seat beside him; and, seeing her pocketbook in an outside pocket, he felt the old habit getting the best of him. To use his own words, "I just asked for strength, and *changed my seat.*" I only speak of this to show how truly the article was needed. This same young man is now earning an honest living.

C. H. L.

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The Friendship Fund

The newspapers have been telling us that the festival of St. Valentine has been unnoticed, but this is not entirely true, for a most beautiful valentine has been given to the working-girls of New York. It is a real valentine, for no one knows the giver.

A gentleman came into The Outlook office on the morning of Valentine's Day, and asked for the person who had charge of this fund. The bookkeeper represented that person. The gentleman took from his pocket a small bundle of bills, saying: "I have five hundred dollars for that fund." This was said as quietly as if the sum were five cents. "What name?" was asked. "No name; just from a friend." A receipt was given, and the door closed on the bearer of the working-girls' valentine.

There is nothing to say but that the gratitude of twice five hundred working-girls and their friends will certainly for many days follow into that great outer world this unknown giver of a most tangible expression of interested love and friendship.

In addition, a number of warm, cordial letters have been received, but it would not be courteous to the writers to publish them, though it is a temptation to do so to show the world that doubts, that hesitates, the world that loves, trusts, and acts.

Previously acknowledged	$220 25
From a Friend	500 00
A Western Girl	5 00
S. L. P., Frankfort, Me	5 00
E. A. S., Providence, R. I	5 00
M. G. L., Brooklyn, N. Y	2 00
Miss A. L. M., Brooklyn, N. Y	10 00
E. M. H., New Jersey	1 00
H	20 00
M. E. B., Middletown, Conn	3 00
E. L. L., Stamford, Conn	5 00
Frances	50 00
W. M. K	15 00
A. N., Philadelphia	2 00
A Friend, Maine	3 00
J. A. G.	10 00
A. L. T., Hallowell, Me	2 00
L. M. S., New York	1 00
Total	$859 25

The Story of Kilauea

By Martha Burr Banks

At the Columbian Exposition in Chicago, during the past year, many of us saw in the Midway Plaisance the panorama of the volcano of Kilauea, which is on the island of Hawaii, and heard the natives of that island sing their old incantations to Pelé, the Goddess of Fire (who once was supposed to live in the volcano), and then join in the hymns of their present Christian worship. But probably we do not all know how it came to pass that the wild heathen melodies gave way to the gentler, better style of music, or how it was that Pelé ceased to be an object of homage, though, now that the Hawaiian Islands are so much talked about, it may be well for us to learn a little of their history.

About eighty years ago the people of the Sandwich Islands, as they were then called, had very queer ideas about many things. They believed that certain places or things were sacred, or "tabu," as they said; and anybody who should touch one of these objects, or break the rules of "tabu" in any way, was at once put to death. One of the places that was most strongly guarded was the volcano of Kilauea, where reigned Pelé, who, as their old stories told them, had been driven from one island to another by the water-god Kamapuaa, who had the body of a man and the head of a pig, and had finally taken refuge in this burning crater. When she was angry, they said, she would turn herself into a flow of lava, and come rushing down upon her enemies, or she would fling hot stones down upon their heads.

But as ships from other lands came more frequently to these shores, and the people saw that the sailors could do, without injury, the things that they dared not do, they began to lose faith in their superstitions, and to disobey the laws themselves once in a while, and at last the whole system of "tabu" was swept away, except so far as Pelé was concerned. The people still regarded her with awe and reverence.

In 1820 the first missionaries went to the Sandwich Islands; and though they had not much encouragement for a while, in course of time there were several converts, among them Kapiolani, the daughter of one of the chieftains. She soon made up her mind that there was no more truth in their notion about Pelé than there had been in the other fancies, and she bravely determined to prove this fact to the people by walking over the mountain and coming back unhurt. Her friends begged her not to risk her life in this rash attempt, but as they could not make her give up her plan, and were too curious as to what might happen to her to let her go out of their sight, about eighty persons, trembling with fear and excitement, followed her up the mountain-side. She walked straight to the brink of the crater, and, while the fire roared before her, and the flames leaped into the air, she quietly ate some berries supposed to be sacred to Pelé, and even threw stones down into the vortex, an action that was thought to be especially displeasing to the goddess. Still nothing unusual took place, and Kapiolani said calmly: "Jehovah is my God; I fear not Pelé; should I perish by her anger, then you may fear her power; but if Jehovah save me when breaking her tabus, then must you fear and serve Jehovah." Then she asked that a Christian hymn might be sung, a prayer was offered, and then, as no sign of any sort had been made by the dreaded goddess, the people turned and all went wonderingly home, and the power of Pelé was broken forever. From that time the work of the missionaries went steadily on, and in little more than forty years the Hawaiian Islands were counted among the Christian nations of the earth.

After Graduation, What?

To Girls

By Charlotte W. Porter

"Tools *and* the man," not tools *or* the man! Perfect tools and skill to use them are certainly necessary, but as necessary are the wish and the will to do so. The girl's answer to this need lies within herself. If she has anything to give the world that the world wants, and if she is willing to give it with singleness of purpose to pay the price of success, she will find a way according to her desires.

But all girls have not such talent or inclination; for some, even of those that have, the actual need of them at home is too great to admit of any question as to where their duty lies. What is to be the work of these girls who stay at home? First of all—a plain, homely work, which is nevertheless a sacred duty of their womanhood—first of all, their work is to learn how to be thoroughly good housekeepers.

Girls do not do this by instinct. Teachers in private schools could show you marvelous specimens of sewing laboriously pricked out by their pupils and dignified with the name "buttonholes," they could produce samples of their girls' darning and mending, they could exhibit bed-making and dusting and so-called "putting in order," that would require to be labeled in order to be recognized; and as for cooking, well, not one in ten knows enough to grease a candy-pan or stir a kettle of boiling molasses.

The girls are generally not to blame for this; no one has taught them or even suggested that it might be wise for them to know any better. And even when attempts are made to give them a knowledge of housework, almost never is responsibility thrown upon them. "You know that I kept house at home before I was married," said a

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young wife to her former teacher; "but if I went off and forgot to order the dinner, mother always did it. After I was married, if I forgot it, I found that we had to go without."

But mere housekeeping is not home-making. Strong need is there, therefore, while the girl is serving her housekeeping apprenticeship, that she keep her mind occupied with larger thoughts. Let not a day go by, girls, in which you do not widen your horizon by reading some good book. Fifteen minutes a day, if you can spare no more, spent seriously and thoughtfully with some great mind until his thought is made your own, will keep you from being small-souled and commonplace. "You are judged by what you can do without," says our beloved Phillips Brooks, "and what you cannot do without." If you cannot do without intellectual food, you will in some way find opportunity to get it; if you can do without it, it is because you wish something else more. Remember what you accomplished at school in the odd minutes spent over your periodical and other reading.

And this reading of periodicals be sure you do not drop. Set apart a certain amount of time every day for this and other reading, and make yourself use it as regularly and conscientiously as if the periodical, the literature, and the history class were before you. Start clubs and classes among your young friends for reading and study. Here may lie an important part of your work—to stimulate the intellectual life of the society in which you move. But first your own mind must be active and your own soul full, if you are to inspire others.

Especially is this true if you are to do successfully a work that offers beautiful possibilities to every earnest girl—work among those less fortunate than yourselves. Be sure that if you are to help the "other half" you must bring to them first of all a consecrated Christian heart, and then a mind trained to habits of accurate thought and rich with the garnered wisdom of all the best that has been thought and said. Probably the Church will be your best avenue to reach this work. Your Sunday-school class may suggest many opportunities for helpfulness—sewing-classes, cooking-classes, clubs for reading and study, and, most important of all, a personal and individual interest in the child, and guardianship of it.

Here, then, is the work standing ready for you; work in the home, destined, perhaps, to fit you for the sweet and beautiful work that I trust awaits you all, the work of wife and mother; work among your friends, to stimulate them to increased mental and spiritual activity; work among the poor, to share with them your good things of purse and mind and soul; and work for yourselves—without which you cannot hope to succeed in any other work—by study and reading and meditation, to keep your own mind alive, your own soul fed.

Do you know where your greatest danger will lie? You will not begin; you will wait for something to force itself upon you. Our opportunities, girls, seldom come to us labeled "great." They never thrust themselves into hands that refuse to grasp them. So take advantage of the first chance to do something for somebody else. You do not know to what large things it may lead. And, remember, if you are tempted, because of your own laziness or self-distrust or the difficulties in your way, not to begin the work, or, having begun, to give it up—remember that no life can be successful, complete, Christlike, that is not always stretching out helpful hands to others.

"You can, if you will." You can *because* you will. Above all, never forget that the perfect workman must have a perfect pattern. "See," then, "see that thou make all things according to the pattern showed to thee in the mount."

Dean Swift, preaching on "Pride," said: "There are four kinds of pride—pride of birth, pride of fortune, pride of beauty, and pride of intellect. I will speak to you of the first three: as for the fourth, I shall say nothing of that, there being no one among you who can possibly be accused of this reprehensible fault."

Chinese Children

By Laura B. Starr

The little children one sees in the streets of a Chinese city or town are both funny and curious to look upon. Almond eyes, shaved heads, with tiny pigtails tied with red silk, are the first things a stranger notices; a second glance and one becomes aware of red cords tied around the wrists, silver anklets, and a variety of copper coins and charms hung on another red cord which is tied about the neck.

These things are remarked before noticing the clothing, which, if it be summer-time, consists of a single airy garment, in many cases not much larger than the regulation fig-leaf. If the weather be cold, the children are muffled up in a number of wadded garments till they look like great round soft balls. These clothes are so cumbersome that if a child falls he is unable to rise without help; he does not scream, for he is not hurt—the thick clothing prevents that—he lies sprawling, with hands and feet pointing to the four corners of the globe, a most ludicrous sight, until some one picks him up and sets him on his feet again. This done, he goes on with his play as if nothing had happened.

The tying of the red cord on the wrists is supposed to make the child docile and obedient in future life. When a child turns out a regular "bad one," a common remark is that his "parents must have forgotten to bind his wrists." The copper *cash*—the currency of the country—are to guard the child from attacks of colic and the contagious diseases of childhood.

When children wear shoes, they are "made of brown or purple calico, bound with red and worked on the toes with colored silk: the soles are made of pieces of coarse cloth stitched together. The richer children wear shoes of scarlet satin, and on the toes they have eyes and ears to make them look like tigers' heads. In the summer they sometimes wear shoes made of fine, open rush-work, with bright-colored lining showing through, and the toes are worked with little pieces of velvet and gold thread to imitate butterflies. These shoes are made for dry weather; when it is wet, rain-shoes are worn, made of leather, raised half an inch from the ground on iron pegs; the children of poor people wear shoes with wooden soles an inch thick."

The Chinese are very superstitious, and wear all sorts of talismans to protect them from evil spirits, which they believe are always ready to work some harm to them or their children. They evidently do not credit these spirits with any great powers of penetration, for they do the queerest things to deceive them, and believe that they have been successful in so doing if no harm comes to the child.

For instance, one writer tells us that when the "milk" or pet name is given to a child, the parents are afraid of making use of such as would denote their loving fondness, lest the evil spirits should see how precious he is, and cause some calamity to overtake him. So they call their little sons "Vagabond," "Flea," "Dirt," with the idea that when the spirits hear these names they will imagine that they are not held in great esteem, and will not take the trouble to molest children bearing them. In some cases they shave the head and dress them in the garb of a Buddhist priest till they are eight or nine years old, when the anxious time is past, and they comfort themselves with the delusion that they have successfully deceived the evil spirits.

Small children are often carried pickaback, like the little ones in Japan, but the custom is not so universal in China as it is there; children of the better class are carried in the arms of their amahs, thereby insuring better-shaped legs and knees. The babies and small children in China do not seem to suffer from the skin disease which so afflicts the progeny of the Nipponese, but one cannot help wishing that somebody in authority would appoint a general nose-wiper.

The children all wear colored clothes from the time they are born; white is the emblem of mourning, and is never put on to a child. The Chinese baby is a most solemn-

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looking creature, and he scans the "foreign barbarians," as all Europeans are called, from out his slanting eyes with an immovable countenance. He is not afraid, if the parents are. Mothers never kiss their children; they only rub their cheeks and smell them. Chinese children cry far more than Japanese babies do; whether that is because less attention is paid them, or because they are really not so good-tempered, I cannot say. Near my hotel were several families living in boats, and for months it seemed to me that the sound of a child's crying was never out of my ears. Added to this was the smell of incense and the sharp report of firecrackers, and the din of gong and cymbals, with which they performed various propitiatory services to frighten away the evil spirits which are supposed to lie in wait for the innocent little ones. The noise was deafening, and I sometimes felt that the Tower of Babel must have been a tower of silence compared to this; small wonder was it that the children cried—I could almost have done so myself sometimes.

When the boy is a year old, there is a great feast, to which all the friends and relations are invited. At this time he is supposed to select his occupation or profession for life. He is placed in the center of a table strewn with various articles denoting different careers; and whichever emblem his baby fingers grasp is believed to decide the manner of his life during the future years. It is needless to say that the child's grandmother or parents take good care that the articles of best omen are placed near him, and that he will, unless unusually perverse, select the one designed for him by his elders.

Until the boy is six or seven years of age he runs wild, learning nothing except obedience to and reverence for his parents and ancestors. He is then sent to school, and life for him begins in real earnest; when it is remembered that the Chinese language has several thousand characters, it will be seen that the little fellow has a hard task. But he must acquit himself well in learning if he would be thought well of in society, for the Chinese, more than any other nation, honor learning and respect those who have it. A boy of the most humble parentage is eligible to the higher offices of the land if he is clever enough to pass the competitive examinations which are held every year.

The Chinese children, like the Japanese, learn their lessons by repeating them aloud; the din from the schoolhouse may be heard hundreds of yards away from the building; such a method of committing a lesson to memory would be impossible with us, but these children of the Orient do not seem to mind the noise and confusion.

Very few girls are taught to read, for they are not considered of any importance whatever. When a girl baby is born, condolences instead of congratulations are often sent by the friends to the parents, and if the little thing, through neglect or other cause, dies, everybody is rejoiced, for there is a superstitious belief that such an one was possessed of evil spirits, and would only have been a source of anxiety and misfortune so long as alive, and they are glad to be rid of it and forget it as soon as possible.

The girl's head is shaved, but there are none of the pleasant features surrounding or accompanying the event which are a part of the same operation when a boy comes to that period of his existence.

Not many years ago girl babies were carried about the streets for sale; now the missionaries have established so many foundling hospitals that the practice is not carried on, at least in any of the seaport towns.

As a rule, a girl is betrothed in childhood and married very young. Sometimes, if she chances to be a first wife, she does not see the face of her husband until after the marriage ceremony. Then she leaves her parents' house, never to return except on stated occasions, when she is allowed to go for short visits.

Kite-flying is one of the national games in China, as in Japan. Their kites are of marvelous beauty. "Some are in the form of lovely birds, or butterflies with wings clearing the air. Others are in the shape of men or animals, dragons and centipedes. Occasionally a tiny paper lantern is fastened to the tail of a kite, and, being lighted, has a very pretty effect as it rises like a shining star in the twilight. Sometimes a number of bird kites are fastened by short lines to the principal cord, and when flying in the air look like a flight of birds clustering round one common center. The great day for the commencement of kite-flying is the ninth day of the ninth moon."

Battledore and shuttlecock is a favorite game, only the battledore is usually the thick sole of the shoe or the instep of the foot. It is most interesting to watch a game of this sort, for the small boy looks intensely funny running hither and yonder, with his pigtail, and foot upraised to hit the shuttle. I have more than once seen half a dozen playing at eleven o'clock at night under the blaze of an electric light. They become very expert, and it is said that it is a common thing to have the shuttlecock struck two or three hundred times without missing.

"Hitting the ball," "Whipping the top," "Hiding from the cat," "Catching shrimps," and "Turning the dragon" are favorite amusements of Chinese boys. "Hiding from the cat" is like our game of "blind man's buff." "Catching shrimps" is simple catching each other with their eyes blinded. They have "Punch and Judy" shows, and claim that they were invented in China and introduced into other countries from there.

Boys have many more diversions than girls. Gambling is such a craze among Chinamen that the children learn to play all games of chance very young. Chinese toys are very fragile, and as they are by no means so careful as the Japanese, they are soon destroyed. The little ones early exhibit a fondness for animal and bird pets. One scarcely passes a house in the Chinese quarter without seeing one or more cages hanging outside. They imprison canaries, bullfinches, larks, and jackdaws; some of these are quite tame, and it is no uncommon thing to see a crowd of children gathered, playing with a tame bird and teaching him tricks.

When a girl is betrothed, she must retire into stricter seclusion than ever, and she is compelled to be very circumspect in her intercourse even with her own brothers.

When very young, those who show literary or artistic tendencies are taught to make pen-and-ink sketches or poems on fans. This is considered a very necessary accomplishment, and one who can do these things well is taught to be sure of success in life.

Slave-girls are bought from their parents when very young, the parents thinking themselves too poor to support them. The girl then enters upon a life of domestic servitude which ends only with her marriage. No young, unmarried, free woman goes out to service; old women are sometimes obliged to do so. All the young maidservants who follow their mistresses' sedan-chairs and go about with the children have been bought for a few dollars, and are slaves as much as the negroes in the South were before the war.

Boys are sold to be slaves as well as girls, and this is one of the few instances where they fare worse than their sisters, for they have not marriage to look forward to, to set them free. They can obtain freedom only by purchase, and not then if the master does not wish to part with them. Occasionally a kind-hearted man will allow his slave to embark in business and to purchase his freedom with a portion of the profits.

Boys and girls are separated from each other at the age of eleven; no longer allowed to sit on the same mat or eat together. From that time the servitude of the girl begins, a servitude which ends not until the last flickering breath leaves her body.

Great men are they who see that spiritual is stronger than any material force; that thoughts rule the world.—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

Little self-denials, little honesties, little passing words of sympathy, little nameless acts of kindness, little silent victories over favorite temptations—these are the silent threads of gold which, when woven together, gleam out so brightly in the pattern of life that God approves.—*F. W. Farrar, D.D.*

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For the Little Folks

The Tragedy of the Doll

By Grace Thompson

She was a strange little girl because she lived so much alone. Her father was a companion and playmate. He knew her better than she knew herself. What books she used to read sitting on a high stool in an office day after day! She heard a great deal about machinery and workmen, about woods that grew in far-off countries, about trade, and a great many things that little girls do not hear about usually. She had a strange playhouse on a shed over a big yard. This house was made of mahogany boards, and looked out on a busy river. The dolls and dishes, tin kitchen, clothes-horse and irons, were all safe in this doll-house, about which only the workmen knew. How many times the whole family of dolls and the mother were taken riding in a wheelbarrow over this shed! There was a bridge built from this shed to the mill, on which were two car-tracks. A platform-car loaded with boards which were to be dried on this shed made frequent journeys, and often the mother and her family of dolls would ride back and forth between the mill and the shed—the workmen filling many idle minutes amusing this family, or rather the mother.

Once this little girl went to the circus, and for a week whenever she rode on this car it was a chariot in which she stood, with her long red scarf draped about her and reins over the workmen's shoulders, who readily ran and pranced in imitation of fiery horses hitched to a chariot.

One day the little girl was in the corner of the playhouse, curled up on a carriage-cushion, when her father came in, bending almost double to get inside, and said: "Have you noticed the big vessel coming into the dock?"

The little girl looked up from her book to discover a big ship being docked in front of her playhouse.

"There is something for you on that ship," said her father, as the little girl sat cown in his lap. "No; I shall not tell you what it is; you must wait."

The little girl leaned eagerly forward watching the tugboats trying to turn the big ship and bring her to the dock safely. There were clouds of steam, shriek after shriek from the whistles, calls from the deck of the ship to the tugboats and back again, ringing of bells, creaking of ropes, and at last a rope made a circle in the air and the hawser from the ship was fastened to the dock, the noise died away, and the big ship was ready for unloading. All this time the little girl's father had been talking.

"She came from China, and on her way back she stopped at Liverpool, and now she is home again. From Hong Kong and Liverpool she has brought something to you, and I would not be surprised if it came to you to-night."

How slowly the time passed! It seemed as if night would never come. Men and carts were hurrying up and down the docks. At last the lights began to appear in the boats on the river, the noise of the carts grew less, the voices were fewer in the street, and the little girl's father came with her hat and jacket, and it was time to go home. How she hurried along the street; the way never seemed so long! At last they reached home, but there were no parcels waiting.

Perhaps they had fallen overboard, or had been forgotten, or had been lost by the man who was to bring them from the boat! At all her fears her father smiled, and looked so amused that the little girl at last saw how foolish she was, and tried to read until bedtime. At last bedtime came, and slowly and sorrowfully the little girl went up to bed. When the lights were out, and she lay staring at the ceiling, wondering where those presents from over the ocean were, the bell rang. Hopefully, tremblingly, the little girl sat up. She heard voices in the hall, she heard the door close, and then—yes, the step, her father's step, on the stairs. Surely the presents had come!

The door opened, and her father came in with two bundles. One, very large, he put upon the bed, the other on the table. With shining eyes he began untying knots, and then he unrolled the paper, under which was white cotton. This he unrolled, and then there came in sight the most beautiful doll the little girl had ever seen. A plaid silk dress, a long cloth coat, and a velvet hat made her even more beautiful. She was over three feet tall, and had eyes that opened and closed. The little girl was too happy to speak; she lay down with the doll in her arms. The other parcel, when unrolled, was a pretty bureau of spicy wood, the drawers of which were hidden by a picture in a frame; it looked like a cabinet with a door, but the frame pulled up and showed the drawers behind it.

The doll was the treasure, and it was with great reluctance that the little girl gave it up for the night. The next morning, before she went to school, she made a bed for it in the lower bureau-drawer of an old-fashioned bureau, deep and wide. How long the day seemed until she got back to her beautiful baby, only little mother-girls know.

About a week after the doll came, the little girl found a visitor in the house when she came home. This was a delight, and the doll was the center of admiration and devotion. What delightful times that week promised! how many delightful things could be done with the doll when there was another little girl to play with her! It was such fun to make her a dress, though it were all one piece, and it was possible for the makers only to tell the difference between dresses and aprons.

How rapidly the bedroom of the little girl changed from ball-room to ocean, from railroad train to kitchen, from parlor to steamboat! The doll was hostess and guest, was baby and little sister, was aunt and mother. The last day of the little visitor's stay came, and the little girl ran almost all the way from school. She hurried upstairs to her room to put on a clean apron, and when she got to the top of the stairs she noticed her door was open. Suddenly there was a pushing, then a crushing sound. The little visitor had gone up to look at the doll, and, opening the drawer, had pulled the doll half out; when she heard the little girl's step she tried to push the doll back, and crushed the head between the front of the bureau and the top of the drawer.

It was an awful moment for both little girls. The whole house responded to the cries. It was hard to decide which felt worse, the little girl or the visitor. The doll was ruined, and it was almost a year before she returned from England with a new head.

Puzzles

I.

If my fifth were *e*, my first two syllables would be the name of a fruit that by many is supposed to have been the cause of great trouble. If my third syllable had the eleventh and the fifth letters of the alphabet in it, it would be an article of food which is the cause of much discussion between parents and children. My fourth syllable ends many words in our language that mean action. My whole is a word which is the foundation of success.

II.

My first is the first letter in a girl's name, which is also the name of the heroine in one of Scott's novels. My second is the first letter in a word that is the opposite of down. My third is the first letter in a word dear to every little child. My fourth and fifth form the first word in a Mother Goose rhyme. My whole is the name of an animal of international reputation.

III.

My first, second, and fifth mark a division of time. My third and fourth form a little word we call a verb, and which means now. My whole is a flower white and yellow and loved by artists.

IV.

I am the seventh, fifth, first, and twentieth of a chain which forms all languages; without me men would starve and freeze, railroad trains could not move, factories would stop, and there would be no need to take coal from the mines.

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Sunday Afternoon

The Voice of the Cross[1]

By Amory H. Bradford

There they crucified him.—Luke xxiii., 33.

These words describe an event by no means uncommon in that cruel age. In themselves they are not unique enough to attract attention; as a part of the ministry of Jesus Christ they have relations to all ages and climes. The death of Christ was not so painful as that of the two thieves who hung by his side. Considered simply as a historic fact, it was the death of one who by legal process had been adjudged to be a criminal. It has been called a sacrifice, but there was no altar, no fire, no priest. There has always been a tendency to surround the cross with artificial scenery. In it the dramatic instinct has found a fruitful subject. Artists have followed the example of theologians, so far as their art would allow them. I have always considered Gérôme's painting of "The Crucifixion" peculiarly noble because it shows only the three crosses, and stretching from their feet the shadows of those hanging upon them. The attempt to put infinite agony into a human face always fails. Guido Reni's "Ecce Homo" is perhaps the greatest effort to depict sorrow that was ever made, but those upturned eyes full of tears, that thorn crown, that mouth parted with grief too deep for groans, convey no meaning beyond terrible physical anguish. Ethical and spiritual sensibility defy the painter's brush even more than the logician's formula or the theologian's system. If the crucifixion in itself was not more tragic than thousands of other events, in what do we find the great and vital mystery of Calvary? Because of its relations to humanity, because it has been a fountain of moral regeneration, because it has been a source of salvation and new life, we are led to ask concerning the personality of Him who died that death. The cross alone proves nothing concerning Christ or his mission, but what followed shows that no ordinary mortal there poured out his soul in death, and that the life which then culminated was not like that of other men. You cannot begin with the cross as a fact in history and reach any adequate conclusion concerning the Man; but beginning with the work of Christ you are led by a process swift and irresistible to something like the faith of Peter—"Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God."

Concerning the relation of the death of Christ to the Deity and the moral order, speculation has been common and useless. Salvation is as mysterious as the action of the elemental forces. How gravitation operates no one knows; how the energy in a sunbeam is communicated to a flower no one understands; how electricity can be manipulated so that a man may hold a pen in Chicago and write his signature in New York, baffles imagination; and until such facts are explained, no one need be dazed at the mystery of spiritual life. The cross in its relation to man is what claims our attention. If that cross were still standing, endowed with life and power of speech, what do you think would be its message to us in these latter years of the nineteenth century? We speak of the "Voice of the Cross." By that we mean the motive which is brought to bear upon every man to co-operate with those divine forces which found expression on the cross. And by the cross we do not mean simply Calvary and the wood that was there raised, but that suffering and sacrifice which were the symbol of the eternal love of God. If Christ was only a man, then the appeal is no greater than that which comes from any heroic death. But the cross reveals at the same time the love of God and the ideal life of man. Its call runs throughout the earth, as that of the sunshine and the rain. Every sunbeam seems to have a voice for the farmer, telling him that winter is past, and the time for the sowing of seed has come. The rain-drops and the sunbeams call those who till the soil to co-operate with unseen forces for the realization of the harvest. No farmer understands how the ground is made ready for the seed, and as little how the seed grows after it is sown. And yet he may take advantage of the forces in nature, and compel the earth to bring forth harvests. Even the dullest savage may co-operate with the universe, they two working together for the support of the life of man. As rain-drops and sunbeams appeal to the farmer, so the cross on which the divine love broke into expression appeals to all, telling them that no man is left to himself; that, so to speak, redemption is in the nature of things; that God works with all who will work with him; that the divine invitation, "Whosoever will, let him come," has in it a deep and sublime philosophy; that it is literally true that there is not a human being so humble or oppressed that he may not link his puny self to the great love of God, and by it be led into the fullness of the divine life. I have sometimes imagined the cross to be a living being, with a voice which, ringing down the centuries and throughout all lands, carries ever this message: The true life of man is that which culminated when our Master died.

To what does the Cross call men?

It calls to personal holiness. The teaching and mission of our Lord point toward the impartation to man of the very life of God. All have that life in the sense that they have existence, but all have not the nature of God, which is holiness. What is meant by holiness? Perfect goodness. Goodness is a word which every one understands. There have at different times been different moral ideals. In one age, the bravest have been considered the best; in another, the shrewdest; but holiness, in the sense of unalloyed goodness, has always been recognized as the finest flower of human character. In its Biblical usage, holiness comes from the sacrificial system, in which only animals perfectly sound were offered to God. That perfection was in our Master. Holiness is a state of moral purity. Some words need no definition. Pure as the air! Pure as the light! Pure as Christ! To think of an unholy imagination or an unworthy desire in the whiteness of his nature is blasphemous. But holiness is not only perfect health and purity; it is also something set apart for the service of God. A man with not one thrill of passion, not one desire for personal aggrandisement, but with ambition to be great for the sake of at last giving all to God, suggests what holy character is. It is not weakness; it has no kinship with merely sentimental piety. It is a positive quality—the sum of all virtues. A holy man cultivates every faculty to the utmost, acquires every possible art, disciplines his mind, trains his thought, acquires grace of action and expression, completes his manhood, in order that at last he may offer a finished and beautiful sacrifice to Him whom he delights to honor. Patience, temperance, love, have been called weak; and yet patience requires more strength than passion; temperance, more resolution than audacity; and love, both bravery and endurance. In the old time Cæsar was the hero; in the new time, Jesus upon the cross, dying that he may heal the woes of humanity, is the hero. To what does the cross call? To Christ-like holiness; to the realization that every gift and grace, every faculty and energy, every motive and thought, belong to God. Pure as the water without a taint! as a diamond without a flaw! as the light that bathes the world in splendor! What were men intended to be? What Christ was. What word condenses his character better than any other? Holiness. No thought of self! no plan for self! everything for humanity! So pure in heart that he could see God! To that all are called—to the very character of him who hung upon the cross. Is the ideal high? It cannot be too high. Is it an impossible ideal? When Robert Morrison started for China, an incredulous American said to him: "Mr. Morrison, do you think you can make any impression on the Chinese?" "No," was the reply; "but I think the Lord can." That ideal of perfect, flawless, stainless purity, can it ever be realized by such beings as ourselves, stained by unholy memories and polluted by foul thoughts? Is not that a height beyond our reach? I fancy that I hear some incredulous man say, as he looks out over the fields loaded with snow: "The idea that a harvest will ever grow in these

[1] Preached in the First Congregational Church, Montclair, N. J.

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cold and icy fields is absurd!" It is absurd to you and me, but not to Him who can send His sun to melt the snow and His rain to nurse the seeds that were sown before the snow had fallen. To the very life of God we are called. It is impossible to us, but not impossible to him.

The Cross appeals to all to fill their lives with service and sacrifice. On the cross was the noblest example of self-sacrifice for the sake of those who have nothing to return that this earth has seen. "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus." He "came not to be ministered unto, but to minister." Service and sacrifice are the natural language of love. Other men may have ambition for themselves, but a Christian must do as his Master did—make the most of himself for the sake of humanity. The life that ended on the cross, how little it is understood! We bear the sacred name; rear buildings for His worship; wear the symbol of sacrifice in jewels on our persons; talk about the cross; but how many know that there is but one material of which a cross can be made? There was never yet one cross of gold or silver or precious stones; the only material that can get into that shape is love; and love must manifest itself in service which will not shrink from sacrifice. Love without service is like a sunbeam without light. The mother must minister to her child. A friend must seek to be helpful to his friend. The first recorded word of Christ was: "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" and his last: "It is finished." What lies between these words? Constant ministry. When he said, "Let him that is chiefest among you be servant of all," he outlined the form that the Christ-life must take. The voice of the cross calls to what the cross symbolized. "Ah, but," you say, "that was all very well for him who came for the accomplishment of a special work, but it has no meaning to us." No meaning for us? Are there not as great evils to-day as when he came? Do not millions bend beneath indescribable sorrow? Have all men even yet the truth? Do all know that they are children of God? Have the doors between this and the spirit life been thrown open? The very work which faced the Master still remains. He began that which his followers must complete. Take two or three illustrations.

The poverty of the world is not so great as when the Christ was here, but it is still appalling beyond description. Think of 95,000 families in one city with only one room to a family! Think of 210,000 human beings in New York this year on the verge of starvation! Think of little children in factories when they ought to be in school! Think of women with children to support making shirts at ten cents apiece; finding their thread, paying their rent, fuel, light, clothing, everything, out of that wage! Think of the wretchedness and poverty that surge even to the curbs of the palaces of the rich! Lazarus and Dives touch elbows. Why do thousands of men cheer the name of Jesus and hiss the mention of the Church? Because deep in their hearts they recognize that the cross stands for brotherhood, for helpfulness, for a real gospel to the poor, while they believe that those who bear the name of Jesus have forgotten the message that he spoke. A young student from Oxford, a resident of Mansfield House in East London, with thrilling and pathetic earnestness said not long ago: "Some of us have sworn that we will take no rest until these terrible conditions are done away." Such utterances have been heard before. That splendid enthusiasm will wear itself out, and that young man, if he persists, will sink into an untimely grave. He may live to the age of his Master, but he will hang upon his cross long before the work is completed. The cry of humanity is bitter and terrible. "The cry of the children" rings in the ears of those who heap up gold. Into this confusion rises the clear, sweet voice of him who hung upon the cross: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me."

Poverty is not nearly so common as sorrow. Many suffer hunger; all sooner or later feel sorrow. Who can speak wisely of the disappointments that embitter? of the losses that make us wonder if there is love anywhere? of the disease that consumes those who are dearer to us than our lives? Who can tell what death—that strangest of mysteries in a world of life—means? Death obtrudes his hideous face into all happy associations, until sometimes it seems as if the sunlight were only a mockery and the very air poison. The work of Christ complete! He who came to bind up the broken-hearted—his work complete! Why, it seems as if it had hardly begun. The Apostle said: "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ." Enter into each other's life. Be helpful. Let those who have joy minister to those who are without it. From that cross I seem to hear a voice which comes straight to us, saying: "Thou shalt love one another as I have loved you." That means, you should enter into one another's life and bear one another's burdens, as I have entered into your life and borne your burdens. Over against sorrow and suffering the Master has put Fatherhood and immortality. "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." Ring out the message wherever hearts are breaking and eyes are filled with tears! All things are in the Father's hands; not one is utterly alone; no life is without purpose, and all things are moving upward.

The desolation of poverty and sorrow are as nothing when compared with the desolation of sin. The same selfishness that nailed Jesus to the cross still stalks through the earth. The same forces of evil are at work now as of old. In the morning multitudes go out pure as the light—in the evening they return beaten down, defeated, despairing. There is poverty because men choose evil rather than good. There is sorrow because men forget to love one another. Our Master had one mission above all others—by service and sacrifice to bring men from the sway of sin and sorrow into the life and love of God. His life was given to humanity. Study his career, and see if you can get anything out of it except ceaseless effort to destroy poverty, to break the clouds of sorrow, to find the secret places in which lurk the powers which work evil among men. All for man, and nothing for himself. To that his followers are called. Wherever his story goes, there also goes the mute appeal that men should be as he was. Oh, what a world this would be if competition could go out, co-operation come in and prevail! How much of sorrow would go if all would help one another, and never in any way hinder; if all would work together to overcome sin and destroy evil! I seem to hear a voice calling to you and to me, saying: "You believe in me? then follow me. You believe in the cross? then live the life of the cross. You believe in the love of God? the love of God can manifest itself only in the love of man." Let us dare to be singular! dare to go against traditions and theories! dare to do anything that is not wrong, if thereby we may help a little to do away with poverty, and cause rifts in the clouds through which the light of God's love may shine into the broken hearts of brother men. Into the midst of controversies concerning the mysteries of time and eternity; into the midst of competitions among the churches; into the midst of those who use wealth as if there were no judgment; close beside those who are ungenerous and unkind, that living cross moves, with the streaming hands and the pierced side, and everywhere sound with thrilling pathos the words—"As thou hast sent me into the world, even so send I them into the world."

The voice of the cross reaches to all men. It entreats us to fight against every usage or custom which is at variance with love. It summons us to war against every theory which confuses a man with a thing. It insists that all shall have the opportunity of growing into the divine likeness. It would have us go into business houses with a scourge of small cords, and drive out those who pay wages which necessitate starvation or sin. It summons the faithful to enter churches which make discriminations based on wealth, and lift high the Gospel which cannot be bought with a price. It calls us to be brothers; to put our hearts at the disposal of those whose hearts are broken, and, in some way and at any cost, to *find* all who

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are without God and without hope, and then to be willing even to die that they may be brought to the Father's house and the Father's love.

Many other messages come from that cross. It asks, "Can you question the final outcome of the conflict between evil and good? Can you doubt that what has been begun at so great cost will be surely completed?" You have sometimes been at sea in the midst of the wild, black night. Not a star is visible. The rush and roar of the waters is in your ears. The desolate, awful ocean is around, and blackness of darkness above and beneath. Thus do we sometimes picture the world in which we live —evil around, evil within, evil behind, and an abyss before us! But that is not a true picture. Nature is not heartless. The elemental forces are beneficent. All things work for good. When despondency concerning the final victory comes, the cross seems to move nearer, the very wounds in the hands and feet, and the spear-print in the side, to find voices which ask, Can you believe that the work which the Saviour began can be defeated? The call of the cross is to holiness, to service and sacrifice, to faith in the final triumph of good; it calls all who bear the Christian name to realize that they are in fellowship with the Son of God in saving the world. The cross utters its voice in our ears. It seems to say: "You are blest with all that you need; you have friends and love: I bring to you the greatest of all possible privileges. Power will cease, wealth will go, friendships must end; I offer to you fellowship with me in the work of bringing all men into actual brotherhood, and into the realization, not only of Fatherhood, but of immortality." Two voices sound from that living cross which has moved down the ages and stands by our sides to-day. One speaks to those who have taken the Christian name, saying: "Rise to your privilege! the servant is to be as his Lord! my work is your work! where I went you are to go! what I did you are to do! those who were dear to me should be dear to you! the more you have the more you should give! the more nearly perfect you make your life the richer will be its achievement for God and humanity!" Are we heeding that voice?

Yet once more that cross moves closer, and yet more intensely and eagerly he who hangs upon it seems to speak to us, and the burden of his words is: "I bring to you that which is highest and best for time and eternity; I bring to you the assurance that there is no grief and no sorrow that is not always in the Father's sight and may not be turned into blessing. I bring to you a power by which evil thoughts and tendencies may be destroyed. I bring to you whose memories are full of sad and bad recollections the assurance that no life can have been so wicked, no past so foul, no strength so far gone, as to cut off from the love of God and his willingness to save." Are you willing to hear that voice and to respond to its invitation?

Jacob and Esau[1]

By Lyman Abbott

The sympathy of the reader of the story appointed for our study this afternoon is certainly with Esau rather than with Jacob. It is not, however, necessary nor advantageous to put their respective sins in the scales and attempt to say which outweighs the other. It will be better to look at the sin of each, and draw a lesson therefrom for ourselves.

Esau was by right of birth head of the family, but it had been foretold before the birth of these children that the elder should serve the younger, and it can hardly be doubted that Jacob's mother had told her favorite son of this prophecy, nor that it awakened in him a spirit of ambition, as the prophecy of the witches fired the ambition of Macbeth. One can imagine the specious argument with which Jacob would justify his course. "We are twins. There is no inherent reason why Esau, because he happens to come first, should be head of the family. In point of fact, it has been decreed that he shall not be head of the family. In bargaining with him to sell his birthright I am merely bargaining with him to carry out the divine decree. What has been ordained will be, and it is legitimate that I should do what is necessary to accomplish the decree. The end is legitimate, and doubtful means in securing a foreordained end can do no harm." But not thus would a pure, unselfish, devout soul have argued. Rather, he would have been made humble by the decree; he would have been made pitiful toward his brother, who naturally anticipated the birthright, and yet was not to receive it. He would have taken the position God conferred upon him, but he would not have been eager to grasp it.

The sin of Jacob was the sin of self-seeking. It is a very common sin in American life. Sermons and commentators refer to Jacob with his bargaining spirit and his selfish grasping as a typical Jew. But it would be healthier for us to realize that this spirit is common in the American character, and that every man who undertakes to supplant his fellow-man, however he may cloak his attempt by pious pretensions, however speciously he may argue the justification of them, is a Jacob, a Supplanter.

Nor is it necessary here to trace in Jacob's career the consequences of his evil conduct. Had he waited, and allowed God to work out his own decree in his own way, Jacob need not have spent years in exile from home, and perhaps would not have suffered in his old age from the scheming and injustice of his children.

The sin of Esau is less revolting, but it is not less fatal to character. Says Dr. Dodd, the Scotch commentator: "The free-hearted and careless, the shaggy, energetic hunter, shows off for a time to far greater advantage than the plodding, quiet, astute dweller in tents. But a closer study of the whole lives of the two does not support this earlier estimate. In Jacob we have a struggle against baser elements of character, gradually resulting in the triumph of the nobler; in Esau, the original good darkens, as he grows older, into overmastering evil."

Whoever sacrifices a future permanent benefit for a present, temporary advantage; whoever sacrifices a great office and opportunity for the sake of a passing self-indulgence; whoever sacrifices his honor and his judgment to his transient impulses, falls into the sin of Esau. Esau would not have died of hunger within his own home; he had only to wait for a meal to be prepared, or to prepare it himself. But either he had not the moral vision to see the value of a birthright, or he had not the moral power to restrain the eagerness of his appetite. So he threw away the enduring future for the transient present; the honor and office and opportunity for a brief self-indulgence; so he "despised his birthright."

Esau also is a common American character—quite as common as the Supplanter. Every boy in business who does as little work as he can and gets as much pleasure out of his life as he can; every boy at college who joins the "fast set" and neglects his solid work; every prodigal son who wastes his substance in riotous living, sins the sin of Esau. The lodging-houses of our great cities are full of American imitators of this Hebrew prototype.

But this is not all. Every man is a child of God. His birthright is expressed by Paul's declaration, "We are heirs of God and joint heirs of the Lord Jesus Christ." Every man who flings this birthright away, who despises the honor and the opportunity which it affords him, and gives himself up to a sensuous existence, to the lust of the eye and of the mind, to be the child of his own impulses and appetites, falls into the same temptation and perpetrates the same sin.

To shut the eyes of the soul wherewith one sees the true life, to vitiate the will of the soul whereby one chooses the real life, is to destroy that life, the only life that really is.

QUESTIONS

Where in the New Testament is this incident referred to? Is it right for parents to be partial to their children? What do you think of Jacob's conduct? What of Esau's? How do you compare the two?

[1] International Sunday-School Lesson for March 4, 1894.—Gen. xxv., 27-34.

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The Religious World

Signs of Revival

Reports from many quarters indicate a widespread revival of interest in the churches of the various denominations. The meetings conducted by the Rev. B. Fay Mills in Montreal are very remarkable, and the largest churches are thronged with multitudes who desire to listen to the preaching and yield themselves to the Master. Mr. Mills has not for a long time been more encouraged than by his meetings in Montreal. The special revival services in Brooklyn have been continued from week to week with what seems to be even increasing interest. The presence of Messrs. Moody and Sankey for a single day contributed not a little to the growing enthusiasm. Mr. Moody's subject was "The Holy Ghost," which is a favorite one with him, and the sermon produced a profound impression. The public press gives large space to this work, and it is reported that hundreds of persons have already become Christians. The meetings are to be extended to New York; indeed, we believe they have already crossed the river. In Michigan Mr. L. W. Munhall has been conducting services which have been very successful. And now the report comes to us of the great Moody and Sankey services in Washington, which were opened in Convention Hall on February 7, under most favorable auspices. The Hall, a huge place, was crowded, while hundreds of people were turned away. The denominational papers have reports of similar work in other places, and altogether the winter of 1894, with all its poverty and suffering, will be long remembered as one of great spiritual blessing to the churches.

Dr. Horton in Oxford

While we are speaking of revivals in this country we are reminded of the recent remarkable mission of Dr. Horton in the old University City of Oxford. Probably few men in England are more popular at Oxford than Dr. Horton, notwithstanding his Nonconformity. Himself a graduate of New College, one of the most brilliant men of his time, and for a long time a Fellow of New College, he knows Oxford as very few men do, and is known and honored even by those who differ from him in theological views. He has recently been the pastor in residence at Mansfield College, and has used that time for special work in the city. He gave several addresses to University men on the Christian life. It is an unusual thing to see crowds of Oxford students listening to revival addresses, but Dr. Horton was able to speak as an Oxonian to Oxonians, and his addresses both in Mansfield College and in Holywell Music-Room produced a profound impression on the large numbers who flocked to hear him. It seems to us that this is one of the very best ways of influencing University life. If men in this country of the prominence of Dr. Storrs, Dr. Parkhurst, Dr. Hall, and Dr. Greer could find time to spend a week or two now and then at our universities, speaking to the students out of rich experiences and with the prestige belonging to lofty position and universal regard, they would nowhere find more receptive audiences, and in no way could do more good to those who are at the period and in the circumstances which require the ablest and wisest spiritual treatment.

The Teaching of Christ

The "New Review" in its January number had a strong and severe article by Count Tolstoï criticising the orthodox Church for misrepresenting Christ's teaching in relation to private property and the non-resistance of evil. The position of Count Tolstoï on these subjects is well known to all who have read his book entitled "My Religion." This article in the January number of the "Review" is followed in the February number by four replies—from the Bishop of Ripon; Archdeacon Sinclair, of St. Paul's Cathedral, London; the Jesuit Father Rickaby; and the Rev. J. Guinness Rogers, one of the most prominent and able of English Congregationalists. The Bishop of Ripon disputes the Count's exegesis, and declares that he has fallen into literalism, a prolific source of error. He says: "There are times when the kindest thing we can do is to hinder man's violence and resist his evil." He concludes by saying: "The precept 'Resist not evil' was given to prevent us from taking pleasure in revenge, in which the mind is gratified by the suffering of others, but not to make us neglect the duty of restraining men from sin." The Archdeacon defends the Church of England from Tolstoï's charges, identifies him with the Society of Friends, and, in reply to his statement that the churches originated from misunderstanding Christ, says that the misunderstanding must have begun very early, as the churches were founded by the Apostles. He says: "There is always room for improvement, but in England, at any rate, the whole nation is working together to ameliorate the condition of all. Manual labor is not necessarily suffering. Capital is not necessarily oppression. It is in the friendly co-operation of both that the line of true national prosperity will be found." The Jesuit says that "Count Tolstoï does not observe the distinction between a command and a counsel. If a person throws stones through a bedroom window, I may hand him over to the police; but if he is my parishioner, and I have a duty to that man's soul, I may conclude that the better course, though not the bounden course for me, is to overlook the injury and try to win him by kindness." This, the Father argues, would be a counsel more or less pressing, but not a universal command. He concludes by saying that "private interpretation is the mother of delusion," and that "Christ is misunderstood everywhere but in his own house—the Church." Mr. Rogers, the Congregationalist, thinks that Count Tolstoï is greatly overrated as an ethical teacher, and accuses him of breaking Christ's law of love by his attacks upon the great body of Christians. He says that the New Testament does not sanction communism, and that the Count's theory comes to a kind of spiritual anarchism. When he speaks of the Church, Mr. Rogers says that he would accept his teaching about that had it not been pushed to such an extreme. Mr. Rogers denies the correctness of Count Tolstoï's picture of things as they are to-day, but admits the force of many of his rebukes of the Church which "the limp, lax, selfish Christianity to be found in all our communities" has done so much to justify. These articles are very interesting, and introduce us to what is coming to be a question very earnestly studied—more earnestly, we believe, than ever before: Just what did our Master mean in the Sermon on the Mount? and how far is he to be taken literally? It all leads back at last to our theory of the Bible and the way in which it is to be interpreted.

Dr. Harper Criticised

President Harper, of the Chicago University, is just now the object of much criticism because of the course of University Extension lectures which he has been delivering in the Memorial Baptist Church in Chicago, and repeating in the University Chapel. It has been known for years that Dr. Harper is in sympathy with what is known as the Higher Criticism, and, while a very reverent and constructive thinker, he has not hesitated, when circumstances demanded, to express his views clearly and openly. Of these lectures reports have been given in the papers which have been made the basis for the assertion that he denies the inspiration of the Old Testament Scriptures. Many of the Western papers have taken up the matter, and startling rumors of heresy are in the air. Some of the subjects which have been dealt with thus far are: "The Creation of the World and the Institution of the Sabbath;" "The Origin of Man and his First State of Innocence;" "Paradise and the First Sin;" "The Fratricide and Cainite Civilization." There is nothing in the positions which President Harper takes that is novel. He maintains that the Scriptures are given to teach religious and moral truth, and that the form is of comparatively little importance so long as it conveys clearly the truth which needs to be impressed. His teaching is something as follows: The account of the creation is, therefore, to be regarded as *non*-scientific, not unscientific. The story of Eden is designed to show that evil had its origin in disobedience. The description of the garden may be symbolical, but the fact of the first sin and its causes is made very clear. This is only one more case of panic on the part of those who imagine that traditional interpretations are inspired truth. Dr. Harper is neither an iconoclast nor a radical, but a reverent, earnest, and patient scholar; and when he speaks, less scholarly men may well hesitate to criti-

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cise. The whole subject is treated most admirably in a recent article in the "Examiner."

The Northfield Auditorium

Mr. Moody seems to be both ubiquitous and tireless. At one time we hear of his conducting a campaign in Chicago; then preaching in Brooklyn; then leading a revival in the Nation's capital; and now we have a description of a large auditorium soon to be built at Northfield for the accommodation of the crowds which gather there during the summer for study and spiritual inspiration. The location chosen is one of the finest in Northfield, and the building will be massive and very large, having a seating capacity of about twenty-six hundred. Every appliance for comfort, hearing, and exit will be carefully provided. The building is to be used chiefly for the conventions and other large gatherings, and yet will be so constructed as to be easily reduced in size and adapted for use in cold weather. It is proposed to have it ready for occupancy on the fifteenth of June of the present year. The total cost will be about $60,000. The committee having its construction in charge is composed of Charles R. Otis, of Yonkers; H. M. Moore, of Boston; A. G. Moody, J. A. Estey, of Brattleboro', Vt., and C. A. Hopkins, of Boston. The growth of the Northfield work has been as remarkable as that of any other work in which Mr. Moody has engaged, and the erection of this new auditorium will, without doubt, add very much to the already generous equipment for the various conventions held at Northfield.

Law and Order in Connecticut

Those who think of Dr. Newman Smyth only as a somewhat "liberal" theologian have little idea of the strong and noble work which he is doing in his State in behalf of practical morality. There has been in Connecticut during the past year a vigorous crusade against the illegal sale of liquor and against the gambling evil. The work undertaken by the League which is aiming to secure the execution of law has been neutralized again and again by what is called the practice of "nolleing." The matter has been recently before the courts, and at one of the sessions of court Dr. Smyth delivered an address which entitles him to be regarded as a great lawyer as well as a great theologian. The real point at issue seems to have been as to whether the payment of a sum of money in settlement of a case is a penalty or not. Dr. Smyth's question was clearly and strongly put. "I want to know what the thing itself is. Is that, or is it not, a penalty legally inflicted? If it is not a penalty in the eye of the law, then the State accepts, not the punishment for the crime of that man, but a sum of money in consideration of which it lets him off." He contended that if the man was innocent he should have an absolute "nolle;" if he was guilty, he should not be allowed to escape without prosecution. We refer to this not so much for the purpose of calling attention to the questions which were considered as to give prominence to an illustration of how a strong and brave man may serve the kingdom of God in other ways than in the direct ministry of the Gospel. Few men can do what Dr. Smyth is doing, and few kinds of work more need bold and uncompromising leadership.

The Church of the Covenant, New York

Last Sunday the union between the Church of the Covenant and the Brick Church was consummated, and the two churches met together for the first time, in the Brick Church, on Fifth Avenue. A church which has played so large a part in the history of New York as the Church of the Covenant, is, when it ceases to exist, worthy of more than a passing notice. An article in the "Evangelist" of February 15, by the Rev. George S. Webster, gives the history of what this church has accomplished, so far as that can be given in a newspaper article. The first pastor was the Rev. George L. Prentiss, D.D., now a professor in Union Theological Seminary, and his successor was Marvin R. Vincent, D.D., also at present a professor in the same Seminary. We doubt if any church in New York has had in its membership a stronger body of men and women than those who at one time were regularly found in its pews, among whom may be mentioned William E. Dodge, Gordon Buck, Benjamin F. Butler, Harvey Fisk, Oliver B. Jennings, Philip Schaff, Charles A. Briggs, Francis Brown, J. Cleveland Cady. During the thirty-two years of its existence the church has contributed to religious purposes about one million dollars, in addition to the large gifts which have been given by individual members. By its members two professorships in Union Seminary have been endowed, and Olivet Chapel built. The Superintendent of the Sunday-school of its chapel, which now becomes the Church of the Covenant, is Mr. J. Cleveland Cady, the eminent architect. In the changes which have come over that part of New York it has been found impossible to continue two large Presbyterian churches. The church has also lost many of its most prominent supporters by death or removal. For nearly a year the question of union with the Brick Church has been under consideration, and has been decided in the affirmative without a dissenting voice. As we understand, the property will be sold and made a permanent endowment for the Brick Church, so that in the changes of the future one Presbyterian church will be made secure in the center of the city. The Rev. Henry van Dyke, D.D., and the Rev. J. H. McIlvaine, D.D., will be joint pastors of the Brick Church. Dr. McIlvaine was called to the Church of the Covenant from the Union Church in Providence in 1888, where his ministry had been singularly successful. The union of these two churches makes the Brick Church not only strong financially, but gives it what every large church ought always to have—more than one pastor. In the present somewhat precarious condition of Dr. van Dyke's health the addition of such a colleague as Dr. McIlvaine will materially strengthen what always, from the location, ought to be one of the very strongest pulpits in New York. But what is to become of the building of the old Church of the Covenant? It surely ought to be used for religious purposes. Because it is not adapted to the work which was formerly done it does not follow that the work which the locality demands should not find in it a home. In many respects it is admirably located for a People's Church.

Baptists in New Jersey

The report of the State work among Baptists in New Jersey recently issued gives facts of interest to all Christians. We transfer to our columns a few figures. There are 237 Baptist churches in the State, divided into six associations. There are 264 ordained ministers, 94 licentiates, 202 pastors, and 42,507 church members. For all purposes during the last year there were raised $427,606.59, of which $337,037.48 were for current expenses. The State Convention aided 47 missions and churches, and raised for this work about $7,500. In the mission churches 204 were baptized, and the total number of baptisms in the churches of the State was 1,777. The most interesting facts, however, are the following, for instance: Of the 237 churches only 59 have pastors who were settled previous to 1890. This shows that only a quarter of the Baptist churches of the State have kept their pastors four years. This knowledge must be very pleasing to the Methodist brethren, who now and then assure us that their ministers stay, on the average, quite as long as those of other denominations. Thirty-five churches are reported as without pastors; ninety have settled men during the year 1892–3, which shows a total of one hundred and twenty-five churches changing pastors within two years. We are quite surprised at these figures; knowing as we do some strong churches in the State that have kept their pastors for a long time, we had supposed that the changes were not so frequent. A careful study of the lengths of pastorates and the causes of severance in the various denominations would well repay the labor expended, if, as many of us believe, the settled pastorate is a source of peculiar power.

—Hampton Indian and Normal Schools kept the 8th of February as a half-holiday in honor of the passage of the Dawes Bill, giving to the Indians their land in severalty and the right to become citizens of the United States. This "Citizenship Day," as the students call it, was celebrated by gatherings where the Indians gave recitations, songs, and speeches, showing what progress their people have made and telling of their hopes and plans for the future.

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Gleanings

—The Rev. Dr. William C. Clark, who died last week in Westboro', Mass., at the age of eighty-one years, was widely known as a missionary, teacher, and traveler, and for a time was head of the Institute of Fine Arts in Florence, Italy.

—Switzerland has within a few months lost two of her most eminent theologians, M. Auguste Bonvier, who for many years was at the head of the moderate liberal party in the Geneva University and Church, and M. Augustin Gretillat, who was at Neuchâtel the representative of orthodox evangelical theology.

—The Rev. Ida C. Hultin, who has been called to the Unitarian church in Troy, is the pastor of a flourishing church in Moline, Ill. She has, says the New York "Tribune," preached and spoken several times in New York and Brooklyn during the last three years, and has made a most favorable impression on all who have heard her.

—The Rev. Charles C. Greig, successor to Dr. McAll, of the McAll Mission in France, will address the New York Auxiliary on Friday evening, February 23, at eight o'clock, in the Church of the Incarnation (corner Thirty-fifth Street and Madison Avenue). The Rev. Arthur Brooks, D.D., will preside. All interested in French evangelization are cordially invited.

—A memorial service was held at the First Presbyterian Church of Highland Falls, N. Y., on Sunday of last week for its former pastor, the late E. P. Roe. A bronze tablet, on which he is described as "Author, Pastor, Friend," was unveiled in the vestibule, and the Rev. A. R. Baron preached a memorial sermon. Mr. Roe was pastor of the church from 1866 to 1875, and was mainly instrumental in securing the erection of the present edifice.

—The Rev. Aldin Grout, one of the oldest American missionaries, died in Springfield, Mass., last week, at the age of about ninety and one-half years. Mr. Grout graduated from Amherst College in 1831 and from Andover Seminary in 1834, and soon after being ordained as a minister went to Cape Town, where he engaged in missionary work among the Zulus. To reach his post he went through three hundred miles of absolutely savage country. He remained in Zululand until 1870, assisted by his wife, who survives him. Mr. Grout aided in translating the Bible into the Zulu language.

—A correspondent writes: "With a view to the union of the liberal elements in Iowa, a convention will be held at Des Moines the 21st and 22d of this month. The programme arranged includes prominent workers of the Unitarian and Universalist Churches in Iowa, and the meetings promise to bring these denominations into closer relations and thus aid in the work that is practically mutual. The liberal element is growing in Iowa, and if a union of these Churches can be effected it will do much to centralize the scattered forces, and make them effective in furthering the cause of liberal religion in this section."

—Dr. Horatio Quincy Butterfield, President of Olivet College, Mich., died on February 12, after a short illness. Dr. Butterfield was born in 1822. His grandfather, Jesse Butterfield, was one of the Revolutionary minute-men. He was graduated from Harvard College in 1848. He studied law for a time with Francis Hilliard, of Boston, and then entered the theological seminary at Bangor, Me., and was graduated in 1853. After preaching for twelve years in the East he was made Professor of Ancient Languages in Washburn College, Kansas, and two years later he became President of that College. In 1876 Dr. Butterfield entered upon his duties as President of Olivet College.

—Some years since the Rev. Herbert Whitney found it impossible to fill two Sunday engagements, so induced his wife to try to take his place for one of them. She succeeded far beyond their expectations, and began preaching on her own account, until now she is the pastor of the First Unitarian Church of West Somerville, Mass., while her husband's charge is at South Boston. If any one compliments the Rev. Herbert on his discourses, the reply comes: "Call that a good sermon? You should hear my wife preach!" A similar case is that of Mrs. Amelia A. Frost, wife of the Rev. George A. Frost, of Littleton, Mass. Mrs. Frost was regularly ordained to the Congregational ministry on Wednesday of last week, and will be associate pastor with her husband.

—Plans for a campaign in the city of Rome are being made by the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America. A lot has just been purchased in the heart of the Italian capital on which it is proposed to erect a large and handsome building to be the headquarters of the mission in Italy. An appeal to the Methodists of the United States for funds with which to build the new mission house has been made. The appeal ends with the statement that the proposed building will cost $100,000, and characterizes the scheme as one of the most important enterprises ever presented to the Methodist Episcopal Church. It is signed by the Rev. Drs. C. C. McCabe, J. O. Peck, and A. B. Leonard, Corresponding Secretaries, Mission Rooms, 150 Fifth Avenue.

—The Rev. Dr. Louis Albert Banks, who has been called to the pastorate of the Hanson Place Methodist Church in Brooklyn, the largest church of that denomination in the city, is now the pastor of Grace Methodist Church in Boston. He was born in Oregon in 1858. When sixteen he was licensed to preach by the United Brethren. Soon afterward he became a teacher, and then studied law, and was admitted to the bar when twenty-two. He turned aside from that profession, however, and joined the Oregon Methodist Conference. He came to Boston in 1886. While there he has been active in reforms of many kinds. In particular he devoted himself to the exposure of the sweating system, his sermons on that subject being published with the title "White Slaves." Dr. Banks is a Prohibitionist, and has been the candidate of that party for both Congressman and Governor.

—We are requested to state that the Rev. George D. Herron, D.D., who occupies the Chair of Applied Christianity in Iowa College, will visit New York soon. He will preach in the Church of the Disciples Sunday morning, February 25, and in the evening of the same day he will preach in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. Monday, the 26th inst., he will address a mass-meeting of ministers of all denominations in the assembly-room of the Book Concern, No. 150 Fifth Avenue, corner of Twentieth Street. His subject will be "The Christian Constitution of Society." He will address the Congregational Club in Brooklyn in the evening of the same day on "The Scientific Basis of Christian Sociology." The evening of February 22, Dr. Herron will give an address in Amity Baptist Church, Fifty-fourth Street, west of Eighth Avenue, on "The Gospel of Jesus to the Poor." He will give an address in Adams Chapel, Union Theological Seminary, Wednesday, February 28, at 2 P.M. Dr. Herron has accepted an invitation to give a course of lectures on sociological questions before the Faculty and students of Princeton College and Seminary during this visit.

Ministerial Personals

CONGREGATIONAL

—Elbridge C. Whiting—not Whiton, as incorrectly stated heretofore—was installed as pastor of the Fifth Avenue Church of Minneapolis, Minn., on January 23 last.

—J. T. Nichols has received a call from the Edgewater Church of Seattle, Wash.

—J. B. Thrall, lately of Salt Lake City, Utah, has received a call from the First Church of Albany, N. Y.

—C. F. Roper accepts a call to West Lebanon, N. H.

—Frank Russell has received a call from the South Church of Bridgeport, Conn.

—A. H. Coolidge has resigned the pastorate of the First Church of Leicester, Mass., after a service of thirty-seven years.

—W. L. Anderson was installed as pastor of the First Church of Exeter, N. H., on February 10.

—S. A. Burnaby was installed as pastor of the church in Southbridge, Mass., on January 30 last.

—A. B. Patten was ordained and installed as pastor of the church in Gorham, N. H., on February 1.

—G. T. Carr, of Danvers, Ill., has resigned.

—C. W. Carroll declines a call to the Hough Avenue Church of Cleveland, O.

PRESBYTERIAN

—W. A. Major, of Linwood, O., was lately installed as pastor of the Second Church of Seattle, Wash.

—H. D. Lindsay, of Jamestown, N. Y., has received a call from the North Church of Allegheny, Pa.

—M. L. Tressler, of Sturgis, Mich., has become pastor of the Third Church in Cincinnati, O.

—W. M. Campbell, lately of Rockford, Ill., has become pastor of the Washington Avenue Church of Saginaw, Mich.

—W. J. Blain, of Esperance, N. Y., died last week, at the age of sixty-nine, after a ministry of forty-five years.

—Theodore Van Norden, of Pittsfield, Mass., has received a call from the church in South Salem, N. Y.

—John Chester has resigned the pastorate of the Metropolitan Church of Washington, D. C.

OTHER CHURCHES

—Bernardus de Bey, who was really the founder of the Dutch Reformed Church in Chicago, died in that city on February 11, at the age of seventy-eight.

—H. L. Ziegenfuss, rector of Christ Church (P. E.), Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and Archdeacon of Dutchess County, died on February 15.

—M. H. Throop has become rector of St. Matthew's Church (P. E.), Jersey City, N. J.

—F. B. Whitcome, of Trinity Church (P. E.), Branford, Conn., has resigned to accept the rectorship of St. Luke's Church, East Greenwich, N. Y.

—K. B. Tupper, of Denver, Colo., has received a call from the Washington Avenue Baptist Church of Brooklyn, N. Y.

—W. T. Dorward has become pastor of the Church of the Redeemer (Baptist), New York City.

—I. P. Quimby, of Winchester, N. H., has received a call from the Broadway Universalist Church of South Boston.

—Augusta J. Chapin has accepted a call from the First Universalist Church of Omaha, Neb.

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Books and Authors

Scott's Familiar Letters[1]

Perhaps the best answer to those critics who in these later years have minimized the achievements of Walter Scott is to be found in the perennial interest which attaches to everything relating to that large-hearted man and prolific writer. It is more than three-quarters of a century since the Wizard of the North began that astonishing series of romances which captivated his own generation—romances which are still more widely read than almost any other fiction in our language; a body of writing which, whatever its limitations, is sound, wholesome, and virile, and stands above the changes of literary taste. Scott's biographer Lockhart was right in saying that the interest of Sir Walter Scott's history lies peculiarly in its minute details, "especially in the details set down by himself in his letters and diary; and, of course, after a lapse of ten years, more copious use might be made of those materials without offense or indecorum." The world is already in possession of the almost unrivaled biography of the great writer by his son-in law; it is also in possession of his very interesting Journal published a year ago in this country, and which begins with the year 1825. These two volumes of "Familiar Letters" cover the period between 1797, the year of Scott's marriage, and 1825, the year when he began the keeping of the Journal. They form, therefore, a very interesting and important link in the autobiography of the man; and, entirely aside from the light they throw upon his character and tastes, they must take a very important place in the order of biographic revelation. The letters cover almost the entire period of Scott's literary activity. Previous to 1797 he had made only a few unimportant translations from the German. In 1799 he published his translation of "Götz von Berlichingen," in the period when the influence of Goethe was most strongly upon him. "Border Minstre'sy" appeared in 1802, and the first of the Waverley Novels in 1814. From that time until the close of this correspondence Scott was at work with tireless energy filling out those marvelous improvisations, the spell of whose charm is felt almost as deeply by the readers of to-day as by those who felt it for the first time.

The interest of these letters, however, relates not so much to the literary activity of Scott as to the man himself. The limitations of his literary work stand out with great clearness, and the limitations of the man are equally distinct; but, as in the work, so in the man, there was a sound heart, a generous temper, and a noble spirit. In his life, as in his work, Scott is one of the great moral antiseptics of our race; one of those men whose careers have a tonic quality in them. In an age when disease has so often taken possession of art and made both thought and language persuasive mediums to carry its distorted message, the full, clear, and victorious utterance of a thoroughly sane mind is a thing to be thankful for. Scott made serious mistakes, but they were always mistakes of judgment. There were limitations to his insight and to his interest, but there was no limitation to the integrity of his nature and the warmth of his heart. These "Familiar Letters" confirm an impression which will never be revised or modified, of the essential healthfulness and nobility of the man's nature.

Beginning with the letters to Miss Carpenter, to whom Scott was at that time engaged, the volumes take us into the whole range of his intimate relationships. As a writer of love-letters, the great novelist can hardly be held up as a successful author. There is a certain lack of spontaneity in these letters, as well as in the descriptions of the young lady in other letters, which it is difficult to explain in a writer who disclosed so much freedom and such flexibility in other directions. Very little has been said about Mrs. Scott, and very little is generally known about her, but she appears to have been a young woman of a great deal of personal charm and no small humor. One element of interest in these books is the light thrown upon Scott's methods of composition, which were largely methods of improvisation rather than of elaborate and methodical work. The great novelist hated details and hated laborious composition. When he had sufficiently absorbed his materials, he wrote with astonishing rapidity, almost every one of his best books having been thrown off at great speed, and, as it were, in a single heat of action. Of course a great deal is said in these letters about the authorship of the Waverley Novels, which, although a very well kept secret so far as the general public was concerned, was shared with a number of intimate friends, and especially with Lady Abercorn. In 1806, while he was very successfully at work writing verse, Scott wrote to Lady Abercorn: "I have a grand work in contemplation, but so distant that the distance between Edinburgh and Stanmore is nothing to it. This is a Highland romance of Love, Magic, and War, founded upon the manners of our mountaineers, with my stories about whom your ladyship was so much interested." Another of Scott's friends to whom the secret was confided was Louisa Stuart, and still another was Robert Morritt. The growth of Abbotsford is also the center of a great deal of interest in this correspondence; and while that great estate proved in the end too heavy a load for even the broad and sturdy shoulders of Scott, it is a question whether it did not pay him more in the satisfaction he got out of it in planning, providing, and building, than it cost him in subsequent disaster. It is a great pleasure to be able to lay down two voluminous volumes like these with the feeling that they have rather increased one's veneration and love for their subject than diminished it.

[1] *Familiar Letters of Sir Walter Scott.* Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 2 Vols. $6.

The Philosophy of Philosophy[1]

All forms of human activity and thought are now studied as a growth and a development. Professor Bascom has applied this method in an unusually thorough way to the historical consideration of Philosophy, and the result calls for cordial commendation. At the bottom, Philosophy and Theology are identical, and this the author implicitly acknowledges by the phases of philosophical thought which he takes up for examination. As he sums up the latest conclusions of a millennium of Greek speculation (from Thales of Miletus to the closure of the Neo-Platonic schools by the Emperor Justinian the Great), he pens this suggestive sentence: "Development, growth, a spiritual creation, involve, as a process of revelation, a passage from the less to the greater, from the partial to the more perfect, from comparative darkness into more complete light, and the rapidity of this passage fittingly turns, not on the power of the Infinite Mind who unfolds the truth, but on the power of our minds which receive it. It is because the Divine Life, in its progress, enfolds our lives, that its procedure seems so slow and defective, yet in and by this very fact it is spiritually more perfect than it otherwise would be. . . . . We cannot understand the ways of God to man except in the apprehension of both man and God, and the growth of man in God." This result, drawn from a survey of the organic development of thought exercised upon the great and universal problem of the origin and destiny of man, from the "physiologers" of the Ionian school to the mystics of the Alexandrian, illustrates what we mean by calling Dr. Bascom's work a Philosophy of Philosophy. His method is not only historical, it is also genetic. He seizes things with a firm mental grasp, and his generalizations are intuitive as well as inductive.

When from the course of Greek speculation we discover that a movement which began with frank materialism ended with transcendental spiritualism, we have acquired wholesome food for reflection. The direction of this evolution, we should recollect, was, so far as we are aware, uninfluenced, unshaped, by any theological bias external to itself. It is the universal mythos of the quest of the

[1] *An Historical Interpretation of Philosophy.* By John Bascom. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.

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Holy Grail in terms of Hellenic life. Neo-Platonism was to scholasticism as a Classic porch to Gothic minster. Through such a portal we enter with Dr. Bascom the grotesque chamber of mediæval speculation. Of this philosophy says our writer: "The physical basis was the German tribes of the north, and the moral basis was Christianity." This implies a fresh influx of Semitic thought into the Aryan mind. The Orient has always been the fountain of spiritual and intellectual forces for the Occident, while the Orient itself remains wrapt in dreamy slumber. It took another millennium—*i. e.*, from the death of Neo-Platonism to the fifteenth-century Reformation—for these heterogeneous elements of thought to become thoroughly amalgamated.

That this mysticism permeated the people, and was not confined to a few speculative minds, may be inferred from the popularity in their own day of Eckehart's profoundly theosophical sermons, and from this distich, common as a street word in his day:

Diz ist Meister Eckehart
Dem Got nie niht verbarc.

(This is Master Eckehart, from whom God never concealed anything.) The mistake of the fourteenth-century mystics was the same with that of their predecessors of antiquity. While with the mouth asserting that God is present throughout the universe, they could not regard nature as sacred, as divine. They could not believe the sign of the burning bush; therefore they sought to transcend reason and sense. "The fire that was to warm men became a conflagration and wasted itself in the air. . . . When the strongest feeling and the clearest apprehension touch each other, it is difficult to maintain sobriety of thought. Intense light loses its revealing power" (p. 150). The transition from the mediæval to the modern period of philosophy is at once a development and a reversal. Both scholasticism and mysticism, realism and nominalism, concerned themselves with metaphysic. They ignored the divine world. They could not realize that natural force is at the same time spiritual power. In vain they chanted from many a gorgeously painted Psalterium, "He maketh the winds His messengers, and the flames of fire His ministers." So there was a reaction in the world of human intellect, and Bacon's name stands as the exponent of that revolt. Some men make over the world and write no books. Coleridge had more influence in molding the mind of modern England than the most careful and voluminous book-maker. Socrates wrote no books, yet revolutionized Greek philosophy. Sir Francis Bacon, however, wrote the "Novum Organum," though, as Dr. Bascom rightly remarks, "he was hardly himself a philosopher." The significance of Bacon to our day is that he diverted attention from metaphysics to physics, from the ideal to the real.

Though in the many streams of philosophic thought in the modern period we do encounter metaphysic as abstract and transcendental as in the ancient and the mediæval periods, still that metaphysic is always aware that it has the world of experience to reckon with. Dr. Bascom devotes the larger part of his work to the modern period. His interpretation of the outworking of the divine in human consciousness we leave to the reader to trace. We quote only some of his closing words: "This discussion has involved the very gist of knowing. Is knowing action, or is it reception? Intuitionalism, corrected by empiricism, holds that knowing, though constantly called out by experience, is essentially an act of its own supreme order. . . . Knowing is that supreme insight which can alone take knowledge from its symbols, symbols that owe their entire significance to their appeal to intellectual power." This we understand to represent, as well as any few words can, Professor Bascom's own philosophy. "This philosophy is nothing more than the completion, correction, rectification of the knowing process, every moment with us in each lighter and each weightier exploration. When all knowledge coalesces and flows together, like an atmosphere alive with light, we have philosophy, the unity of truth within itself. Our effort has been the simple yet difficult one of showing from how many points single rays are reflected back on the one flood of revelation, how easily revelation gathers in all special disclosure." Such is the philosophy of philosophy, and to us it is profound, intelligible, and illuminative.

The History of the Rochdale Pioneers. By George Jacob Holyoake. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.) The publication of still another edition of this work, even were it not revised and enlarged, would call for a few more hearty words of commendation. Mr. Holyoake describes the trials and triumphs of the Rochdale co-operators with the spirit and the vividness which no amount of literary training could give to the work of a man who had not participated in the struggles that he describes. So many forced experiments in co-operation have failed, particularly in America, where building and loan associations and assessment insurance companies have been its only triumphs, that it is well for those who have become doubtful of the efficacy of co-operation to refresh themselves by re-reading the history of the Rochdale experiment. At the time that these men started, with £27 capital, slowly accumulated by weekly assessments of twopence and threepence, they declared their objects to be as follows: "The establishment of a store for the sale of provisions, clothing, etc. . . . To commence the manufacture of such articles as the Society may determine upon for the employment of such members as may be without employment, [and] as soon as practicable, to arrange the powers of production, distribution, education, and government; or, in other words, to establish a self-supporting home colony of united interests or assist other societies in establishing such colonies." This was a large programme for men able to save only six cents a week, but it shows what type of men they were. Nearly all of them were Chartists, some of them were Socialists, many of them were teetotalers, all of them were world-reformers who were upheld in their struggles by the vision of a brighter day which they believed their experiment both heralded and hastened.

The bound volume of *The Youth's Companion* for 1893 is a book of nearly seven hundred large pages, profusely and intelligently illustrated. The famous "World's Fair Supplement" makes one of many attractive features. But the real strength of this justly popular young people's weekly lies, not in this or that particular feature, but in its even persistency in appealing to the tastes and needs of its young readers. The editors have for fifty years and more shown remarkable judgment in selecting and combining ancedotes, incidents, bits of talk on science, health, and mechanics, stories long and short, sketches and papers by famous writers; and in the combined result there is always entertainment and instruction in abundance, without sensationalism and without puerility. The careful use of the English language is notable in this age of rather slipshod writing. The editorial articles on important topics of the day—such as the silver question, the tariff law, Home Rule in Ireland, Hawaii, and so on—form a fine example of the doing a very difficult thing well: namely, the impartial and non-argumentative treatment of important public subjects in such a way as to give clear and full information.

Rarely has a more beautiful book come from the American press than the translation of George Sand's *La Petite Fadette* by Miss Jane M. Sedgwick, whose competency to turn the flowing and often brilliant style of George Sand into English is evidenced in this volume in many ways. The story, which is familiar through the dramatization of "Fanchon," is one of those simple rustic romances in which the great French novelist was at her best. It is characterized by intimate knowledge of the life described, by the warmest human sympathies, and by an almost idyllic simplicity of spirit. It would be difficult to say too much in praise of the mechanical making of the book. The paper, printing, and binding are beyond reproach. (George H. Richmond & Co., New York.)

A bound volume of *Garden and Forest* is a valuable permanent repository of scientific knowledge and suggestion in all relating to landscape gardening, horticulture, and forestry. Under the expert editorship of Mr. Charles S. Sargent the periodical has taken easily the first place among journals of its class. Volume VI. (January to December, 1893) contains rather more than the usual amount of matter, and is carefully indexed. The illustrations are in some instances finely rendered, and all are of distinct technical interest. (Garden and Forest Publishing Company, New York.)

The latest volume in the Mermaid Series of Elizabethan verse, the publication of which was interrupted for two years or more, is devoted to *Ben Jonson*, and contains "Every Man in His Humour," "Every Man Out of His Humour," and "The Poet-

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aster"—three dramas which are most thoroughly characteristic of Shakespeare's great contemporary. The volume is to be followed by two others devoted also to Jonson, the three being prefaced by an excellent critical essay from the hand of Professor C. H. Herford; and we believe the selection will be sufficiently comprehensive for all the practical needs of the student of Ben Jonson. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

The Rev. Dr. Newman Hall has republished in expanded form the sermon which years ago he preached against the teachings of Maurice. This small book, entitled *Atonement the Fundamental Fact of Christianity*, contains Dr. Hall's statement, in a bald and uncompromising form, of the substitutionary theory of the death of Jesus. He says: "We prove that forgiveness, through the sacrifice of Christ, as a necessary prelude to righteousness, is revealed as atonement." (Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.)

A Few Novels

"Mark Rutherford" is now generally known to be the pen-name of Mr. W. Hale White. His latest story, *Catherine Furze*, will never be immensely popular, because it is too subdued in tone and quiet in plot to please the general reading public. It is an acute analysis of a strong character under a heavy moral strain. The author's way of dealing with a complex ethical and passional struggle is intellectual and clear. Catherine is a girl of fine qualities of mind and purpose, repressed by vulgar and uncongenial surroundings, who finds herself gliding into love with an impulsive, imaginative clergyman already married. In the end she carries herself with dignity and sad grace. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

A reversion to Bret Harte's earlier manner is to be found in his latest collection of tales, *A Protégé of Jack Hamlin, and Other Stories*. Yuba Bill and Jack Hamlin are again to the front, and the tales of pioneer days abound in local color and reckless fun. Nothing could be more artistic in its way than the little bit of rural comedy with a latent pathos in it called "The Home-Coming of Jim Wilkes." We never read a book of Bret Harte's without being impelled to say a word of appreciation for his deft and clear use of the English language. He will probably never do anything really great in the way of fiction, but within the little field he chooses to cultivate he is certainly a word-artist. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)——Another volume of short stories from the same publishers is that put forth by Gertrude Smith, a comparatively new writer. *The Rousing of Mrs. Potter* gives its name to the book, and is, we think, the best of these bits of realism. The influence of Hamlin Garland (or perhaps we should say the same influences that affect Mr. Garland) seems strong over this writer. She is not without humor, and has strength in some degree, but there is little real imagination in her work.

The best of three or four English novels at hand is, decidedly, *Zita*, by Mr. S. Baring-Gould. It is the story of the daughter of an English "Cheap Jack" who, dying upon the fens near Ely, leaves the girl to fight her way among strangers. The description of the strange country out of which rises the "Island of Ely," with its splendid cathedral, is curious and interesting, and, indeed, the local color throughout the book is something new in fiction. The humor is riotous but grim; one feels that the author is always on the border of extravagance and burlesque, and he often crosses the line. Despite this fault, the rare originality of the plot, the strangeness of characters and surroundings, the faithful rendering of quite uncommon types, make the book one to take a strong hold on the reader. (J. S. Tait & Co., New York.)

Very different from Mr. Baring-Gould's wild, vigorous writing are Mr. David Christie Murray's *In Direst Peril* (Harper & Brothers, New York) and Alexander Allardyce's *Earlscourt* (D. Appleton & Co., New York). Both are cleverly constructed stories, well worked out, and with plenty of talent—but of genius not a jot. Both keep on the safe side of the road of sensationalism they travel; they may be read without loss of literary self-respect, but once read they will never be thought of again. Mr. Allardyce's book is the longer and has the greater variety of characters. These stories suggest the professional, businesslike work of the adept who lives by his pen and writes as a trade, not because he is impelled by irresistible impulse. *Christina Chard*, by Mrs. Campbell-Praed, is finer in texture, but leaves one with a rather hopeless feeling about the London society atmosphere in which it mainly moves. The characters are of marked individuality, and their talk is worth listening to, but there is a refinedly sordid and selfish side to most of them. The novel is undeniably clever and thoughtful, but it has no moral lift or inspiration. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

Literary Notes

—An entire revision of the text and notes of his "Life of Christ" has just been completed by Archdeacon Farrar.

—For his next novel, "Lourdes," Émile Zola has something like seventeen hundred pages of notes, and now remarks: "My book is finished. I have only to write it."

—The volume of poems which the Canadian novelist, Gilbert Parker, is about publishing through Messrs. Stone & Kimball, and for which Mr. Low is designing a frontispiece, will be called "A Lover's Diary."

—The stature of Mr. Barrie, the novelist, is said to be boyishly slight and small, and his appearance that of one in delicate health. In his face there is the humanity and spirituality which one might expect from his writings.

—Statistics show that the proportion of novels to serious works read in the Paris libraries is less than fifty-two per cent. Among novelists represented Alexandre Dumas ranks first in popularity and Émile Zola eleventh.

—Mr. Edward Bok's article in the January "Cosmopolitan" on "The Young Man in Business" has been reprinted as a pamphlet, to which Mr. Bok has added a dozen pages of editorial matter, answering "Three Uncertain Young Men."

—Mr. Andrew Lang thinks that justice has not been done to Scott's "Quentin Durward." "As a boy's book," he says, "it is so superabundantly excellent that a common prejudice hinders people from placing it among the very best of men's books." Mr. Lang reckons it "finer and better, more probable, less complicated, than 'Ivanhoe.' In a sense it is perhaps the best of the Waverley Novels. It is far beyond them all in construction."

—Taine's last work, the second volume of his "Modern Régime," which, with "The Ancient Régime" and "The French Revolution," completes the treatise on "The Origins of Contemporary France," has just been published by Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. As were the others in the series, this one also has been translated by Mr. Durand (now in his seventy-fifth year), whose natural qualifications for the work were augmented by his long residence in the same house with Taine, where he had the advantage of the author's suggestions.

—"No one will deny," says Margaret Deland in the "North American Review," "that a book once finished belongs to the world to which it is given," and may be criticised as the public pleases. "But," she adds, "whether the book be good or bad, the newspaper has no right to the author—so long, at least, as, in the eye of the law, he behaves himself. Yet personal journalism to-day is taking possession of the author; it is putting a subtle poison into the veins; it is misleading him as to the relative value of his work and his personality; it is fostering vanity; in a word, it is exploiting the artist rather than the art."

—The epigrammatic stories ("Some Emotions and a Moral," and others) of our countrywoman, Mrs. Craigie, who has adopted the pseudonym of "John Oliver Hobbes," have excited such keen interest and favor in England, where an epigram is generally resented as an iniquity, that nearly seventy thousand copies of her four little books have been sold there, "A Bundle of Life" being already in its fifteenth thousand in less than two months. We Americans are often reproached with having too great a respect for "big things." Here, at all events, is one whose standard is not bigness, but apparently La Bruyère.

—The "State Library Bulletin" on State Legislation in 1893, published by the University of the State of New York (Albany), is an invaluable reference volume for students of law and sociology in all of our commonwealths. The present "bulletin," as it is modestly called, contains a carefully classified summary and index of the laws passed last year by thirty-nine States and one Territory. By means of these volumes—this is the fourth—not only is the work of legislators and others engaged in the drafting of laws greatly simplified, but students of any legal question can bring their investigations up to date, with infinitely less trouble than has been necessary. The price of the volume is twenty cents.

—The impression that Mr. F. Marion Crawford is the most popular American novelist is confirmed by the report that he receives the sum of $10,000 on the publication of each new novel which he writes; and as Mr. Crawford is a prolific writer, and annually gives the public two or three novels, besides magazine articles, his income from his literary work must correspond very fairly with the income which professional men of the same standing in other departments receive. The fact is of interest to the public, moreover, because it disproves to a certain extent the pessimistic statements constantly made respecting the incomes of literary men. The sale of Mr. Crawford's books is a thoroughly wholesome sign of the times, because the books themselves are always wholesome, and many of them disclose literary quality of a high order.

[For list of Books Received see page 385]

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The Spectator

During a recent morning stroll down Fifth Avenue from the Manhattan Club to Madison Square, and then back by way of Broadway past the theaters and hotels, the Spectator was struck by the growth of a modern New York custom—he wonders if it has struck others, for, if so, they have kept a remarkable silence about it—the fondness for eating in hotel and restaurant windows. The hour was a little after ten o'clock, and numerous people at breakfast were in full view of all passers-by. Moved by curiosity, the Spectator repeated his stroll the same evening at about seven o'clock. It was in the main a repetition of the morning exhibition, although a slightly increased sense of delicacy was apparent. At some of the dining-room windows thin sash-curtains were drawn, which afforded, however, a mere pretense of concealment. For, if one cared to stop and look, the diners could be seen almost as plainly as if there had been no curtains at all. Other windows (chiefly those of the cafés, where men were drinking, if not dining—a distinction in its way significant) were protected by thick, impenetrable shades. Other windows still were as translucent as the day, and the brilliant lights inside more than revealed the scene in all its fullness of detail, for they actually accentuated it. In some cases the dining-room of the hotel chanced to be located on a corner.

❀

As he turned the matter over in his mind while smoking an after-dinner cigar, the Spectator, naturally enough, speculated first as to how many of the ordinary, every-day street-passers noted the fact of such an exhibition, or gave a chance thought to its bad taste, its indelicacy, its positive vulgarity. His conclusion was that those who noted it or thought about it were very, very few. This is not, unfortunately, to be accounted for on the ground of popular politeness, in accordance with the maxim of an ancient Greek that it is "as rude to intrude into another man's house with your eyes as with your feet"—supposing that a hotel dining-room can be called "another man's house." It is rather a manifestation of that popular indifference with which the crowd in a large city comes soon to regard anything extraordinary to which it is accustomed—a condition of metropolitan life that makes it easy to "hide in a crowd." Still, the Spectator did count five or six idlers in his two strolls with nothing better to do than to stand staring at hotel dining-rooms and their occupants, but they were far from being observers whose attention would be courted as flattering.

❀

It is a curious New York trait at least, and, more's the pity, is being adopted conspicuously in Chicago as well. It is *sui generis*, for it is impossible to find its counterpart in foreign cities. The effect of the café of the Continent is something quite different from the effect of the public street dining-room of New York. The scattered tables of the former are actually on the street, forming part of its life. The diners are not framed in above the street on exhibition. Even where, as is occasionally the case in a European city, a restaurant fronts on the street, its windows are comparatively inconspicuous. They are not great show windows of plate glass, as in New York. They do not obtrude the act of eating upon the public gaze—an act which requires all the kindly offices of privacy to make it æsthetically tolerable. For, refine it as one will, the act of eating remains still the act of eating, as truly in the case of the best-conditioned human animal as in that of the primitive savage. "Le dandy," says Baudelaire, "doit aspirer à être sublime sans interruption. Il doit vivre et dormir devant un miroir." But even this falls short of the actual fact, when the modern New York diner poses for all street-passers, napkin in hand, in the show windows of "the most palatial hotels in the world," these seats being usually reserved and commanding a premium.

❀

This now current phrase of newspaper description naturally suggests to the Spectator that it is the era of "palatial hotels" which marks the rapid extension of the street dining-room. Its evolution has come to be taken by the average New Yorker as a matter of course. In the older New York hotels that dining-room was placed, equally as a matter of course, in some interior part of the building, where it properly belongs. The silent popular tolerance of the change is merely fresh illustration of the power of custom—"a reason for irrational things, and an excuse for inexcusable ones," as the philosopher of the "Tin Trumpet" defines the word. It is also another phase of the decline of the feeling of privacy which marks modern life. We eat in public, as we live in public through the newspaper. We shrug our shoulders—more often we do not—at some new manifestation of publicity, and go our several ways. We tacitly accept it as inevitable. This is perhaps the most hopeless feature of the case, for it is an admission that protest is useless.

❀

There is still another side to the discussion of exhibitive dining, which the Spectator begs leave to touch upon before leaving it. He recalls that one afternoon last fall five badly aimed bullets startled the serenity of Delmonico's. A reporter records that "from the pavement the crank could see the diners feasting at the tables in the restaurant." To have thrust upon one the sight of a millionaire "feasting"—as the reporter calls it—on canvasback and terrapin, off Dresden china and cut glass, is certainly not a spectacle adapted to reconcile his less fortunate fellow-citizen to the inequalities of life. Ostentatious wealth may be in this strictly within the letter of its right of "splendid impertinence"—to quote an apt phrase from Henley—but good taste and good feeling alike condemn any custom that must surely aggravate generally deplored social tendencies.

❀

One could, perhaps, imagine no circumstances less likely to be provocative of the sense of humor in the victim than those attending the sudden shutting up of the folding bed in which one was sleeping. It gives the Spectator, therefore, great pleasure to relate an incident proving that there are still Mark Tapleys in the world who can "come out strong" even in a folding-bed casualty, despite the unpleasant possibilities often detailed in the newspapers. The Mark Tapley in this case was a lady advanced in years, who was visiting her son. Her muffled screams awakened the family in the middle of the night. Woman-like, she had locked the door, but the son bethought him, opportunely, of a ladder which the painters had left standing against the house, and thus climbed into her room through a window and rescued her. When she had assured herself that she had not been greatly damaged, she turned to her son and said: "Ned, what do you suppose was the first thing that came to me when I found that I was shut up in that bed? It was the old hymn:

"'Make me to live that I may dread
The grave, *as little* as my bed.'"

❀

The Spectator noted with interest an editorial comment in The Outlook on two apparently conflicting decisions by Judge Ricks, in one of which he denied the right of the Government to compel business men to give certain information to the census authorities, and in the other affirmed the right of the Government to require the secret papers of a railway labor union. The Spectator was reminded by it of the experience of a prominent patent lawyer. Twice in succession, when a certain case was argued before the late Justice Blatchford—previous to his elevation to the Supreme Bench and while he was on the Federal Bench of the New York Circuit—that case was decided by Justice Blatchford in the lawyer's favor. It being appealed to the Supreme Court after Justice Blatchford's elevation to that bench, it was assigned to him for an opinion because of his familiarity with it. Judge of that lawyer's surprise when the final decision was announced, and it was found that Justice Blatchford had overruled himself and decided the case for the other side. The lawyer in question cited this simply and only as an illustration of the uncertainties of the law. He did not criticise Justice Blatchford's inconsistency, nor impute any unworthy motive to him. The lawyer believed that, on further examination, Justice Blatchford had seen good reason to change his view of the merits and law of the case. This is a curious instance of a loyalty, typically legal, to legal authority as distinguished from authority of law, and recalls a layman's gibe of the last century: "And the glorious uncertainty of it is of mair use to the professors than the justice of it."

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The New Anti-Lottery Campaign

As we have already told our readers, the Louisiana Lottery Company, under its new name, continues its business unchecked. We give below petitions to the United States House of Representatives and Senate, which have already been extensively signed, for the passage of a bill which it is believed would effectually thwart the plans of the Lottery Company. The bill itself is printed below. We earnestly urge every reader to cut out this page of The Outlook, secure as many signatures as possible to each of the two petitions, and forward them to his representatives in Congress.

To the Senate of the United States of America in Congress Assembled:

Whereas, the several States have one after another prohibited the lottery business within their borders, until finally, through the patriotic action of the people of Louisiana, the lottery has been driven from the territory of the Nation;

And, whereas, the National lottery whose charter in Louisiana expired December 31 last, advertises that it will continue without interruption, from the friendly territory of Honduras, its business of breaking the laws of our several commonwealths, and impoverishing and corrupting its victims in all parts of our Nation;

We, the undersigned, do therefore earnestly petition your honorable body to give efficiency to the moral legislation of the Governments of all the States by the passage of the bill accompanying the memorial presented to your honorable body under date of February 5, and signed by Lyman Abbott, D.D., President C. K. Adams, LL.D., George Alexander, D.D., and many others, or by such efficient legislation as may secure its object.

To the House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress Assembled:

Whereas, the several States have one after another prohibited the lottery business within their borders, until finally, through the patriotic action of the people of Louisiana, the lottery has been driven from the territory of the Nation;

And, whereas, the National lottery whose charter in Louisiana expired December 31 last, advertises that it will continue without interruption, from the friendly territory of Honduras, its business of breaking the laws of our several commonwealths, and impoverishing and corrupting its victims in all parts of our Nation;

We, the undersigned, do therefore earnestly petition your honorable body to give efficiency to the moral legislation of the Governments of all the States by the passage of the bill accompanying the memorial presented to your honorable body under date of February 5, and signed by Lyman Abbott, D.D., President C. K. Adams, LL.D., George Alexander, D.D., and many others, or by such efficient legislation as may secure its object.

AN ACT for the Suppression of Lottery Traffic through National and Inter-State Commerce and the Postal Service Subject to the Jurisdiction and Laws of the United States.

§ 1. The term "lottery" as used in this Act means a scheme for the distribution of property by chance, among persons who have paid or agreed to pay a valuable consideration for the chance, whether called a lottery, raffle, or gift enterprise, or by some other name.

(This is the New York statutory definition, which has been held sufficient. *People* vs. *Noelke*, 94 N. Y., 137, etc.; 46 Am. Rep., 128.)

§ 2. A person who contrives, proposes, or draws a lottery, or assists in the contriving, proposing, or drawing of the same in any place within the jurisdiction and subject to the laws of the United States, or who, in any place whatever, does so with intent that any ticket, chance, share, or interest, or any paper, certificate, or instrument, purporting to be or to represent a ticket, chance, or interest in or dependent upon the extent of such lottery, shall be sold or transferred, or delivered, or brought within any place subject to the jurisdiction and laws of the United States, or deposited in or carried by the mails of the United States, or shall be imported into the United States, or shall be the subject of inter-State commerce therein, or carried from one State to another of the United States, is guilty of a felony and is punishable in the first offense by imprisonment for not more than two years, or by a fine of not more than one thousand dollars, or both, and in the second and after offenses by imprisonment only.

(This section is adopted from § 325 of the New York Penal Code, being extended to mailing, importation, inter-State commerce, etc., and the punishment for continued offenses being made incarceration.)

§ 3. The fact that any ticket, chance, share, or interest, or any paper, certificate, or instrument purporting to be or represent a ticket, chance, share, or interest in or dependent upon the event of a lottery to be drawn within or without the United States, is deposited in the mails or imported into the United States, or is carried in inter-State commerce from one State to another of the United States, or the fact of the public advertisement within the territorial limits of the United States of any lottery, whether within or without the United States, or of the name and address of any person as being engaged in maintaining any lottery, shall be *prima facie* evidence of such intent as aforesaid, on the part of the person contriving, proposing, or drawing or assisting in the contriving, proposing, or drawing of such lottery.

§ 4. It is unlawful to import, or to procure or cause to be imported, into the United States, or to transport, or procure or cause to be transported, in inter-State commerce, or from one State to another, or to or from any place within the jurisdiction and subject to the laws of the United States, or to deposit in the mails of the United States, any ticket, chance, share, or interest, or any paper, certificate, or instrument, purporting to be or to represent a ticket, chance, share, or interest in or dependent upon the event of a lottery, whether such lottery be drawn or intended to be drawn within or without the United States; and any person who knowingly does any of such acts, unless with the sole intent of aiding a prosecution or legal investigation commenced or contemplated for a violation of laws of the United States, or of some State, Territory, or municipality therein, or of some foreign State or nation, is guilty of a felony, and is punishable in the first offense by imprisonment for not more than two years, or a fine of not more than one thousand dollars, or both, and in the second and after offenses by imprisonment only.

§ 5. Any person violating any of the provisions of this Act may be proceeded against by information or indictment and tried and punished either in the district at which the unlawful importation was made, or the unlawful deposit in the mails was made, or to which the matter deposited was carried by mail for delivery according to the directions thereon, or at which it is caused to be delivered by mail to the person to whom it is addressed, or in either of the districts through which it may have passed in the course of inter-State commerce.

§ 6. The provisions of sections 3,929 and 4,041 of the United States Revised Statutes as amended respectively, and the provisions of sections 2,491 and 2,492 of the United States Revised Statutes, and of sections 11, 12, and 13 of the Act of Congress of October 1, 1890, entitled "Chapter 1,244. An Act to Reduce the Revenue and Equalize Duties on Imports, and for Other Purposes," and all other provisions of law for the suppression of traffic in or circulation of any such tickets, chances, shares, or interests in, or other matter relating to lotteries, or for the suppression of traffic in or circulation of obscene books or articles of any kind, shall apply in support, aid, and furtherance of the enforcement of this Act.

§ 7. Nothing herein contained shall be deemed to repeal by implication sections 3,894, 3,929, or 4,041 of the United States Revised Statutes, or any part thereof, nor any provisions of the Act of Congress of April 29, 1878, entitled "An Act to Prevent the Sale of Policy or Lottery Tickets in the District of Columbia," nor any provisions of the Act of Congress of September 19, 1890, entitled "An Act to Amend Certain Sections of the Revised Statutes Relating to Lotteries, and for Other Purposes," nor any provision of the laws whatsoever against the establishment of lotteries, or games, or other schemes, or prizes, or chances, or the traffic in or circulation of tickets, and other such papers or instruments, or the publication of advertisements or notices in any wise relating thereto

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With Our Readers

Correspondence

The Lenten Season

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The Outlook is justly admired for its large, liberal, catholic spirit. But sometimes it almost seems as if its catholicity leaves out, or even opposes, that part of Christianity that is often and contemptuously denominated "the sects." For example, in your issue of February 10, referring to the Lenten season, you say: "The Episcopal Church has long had the inestimable advantage of continually emphasizing the great facts in the life of Christ and in the spiritual history of man, instead of the human interpretations or philosophy regarding those facts." Now, while I am willing to grant to every Church the due meed of praise for what it has done to benefit mankind, and for what it has brought down to our own generation that is helpful to the spiritual life, I think those Christians who, for conscience' sake, have abstained from some of the ancient customs of the Church, or participated in them only moderately, are deserving of fair consideration and treatment.

Lent is not a New Testament ordinance. Neither our Lord nor his Apostles have even hinted at, much less enjoined, the observance of such a period. Paul had a fine opportunity to commend such a fast as Lent in his first Epistle to the Corinthians, in which he denounces gross abuses and indulgences practiced at the time of the Lord's Supper, but he did not.

Of course, any season like the "Week of Prayer" or like Lent, set apart for earnest prayer and fasting, cannot be other than beneficial to any Church observing it properly. But history informs us that "generally the fast [Lent] was accompanied with the cessation of everything having a festal character, such as public games, theatrical shows, etc." But of what use is it for a Church that indulges in such things as the ancient public games and theatrical shows to go through with a formal fast for forty days, and then go back to the "public games and theatrical shows" again? Most of the Churches that arose out of the Reformation did not believe in public games and theatrical shows and worldly amusements as then practiced. They advocated a proper and decorously Christian behavior at all times. They emphasized "the great facts in the life of Christ" every Sabbath in their preaching, every Lord's Day emphasized the Resurrection, every communion season emphasized the Lord's death, and the earnest preaching of Christ and him crucified emphasized the atonement, which included the birth of Christ. The Churches of the Reformation had to do with some of the customs of the Church as did Moses with the golden calf, and as Hezekiah did with the brazen serpent—obliterate them, because they had become mere forms without spiritual life, and without any wholesome restraint upon worldliness. It is quite the fashion now to denounce the religion and practices of "the sects" as "narrow," "bigoted," and the like. And, by the way, why are so many Christian bodies of the present age denominated "sects," while one or two are denominated "the Church"? It might be interesting to investigate that query. Does not the present age owe an immense debt of gratitude to "the sects"? Are not the Christians who, several centuries ago, had to come out from the Church and be separate from it, in order to enjoy the privileges of spiritual worship, deserving of the highest honor? Many lost their lives and property by so doing, and many had to endure the rigors of exile from home and fatherland. Is not the spirituality of the Christian religion in these modern days to be traced, in very large measure, directly to the earnest, zealous, self-denying life, worship, and preaching of "the sects"? And is it not a little discourteous to attribute "human interpretations or philosophy of those facts" to the Churches of the Reformation, and to assign to the Episcopal Church "the inestimable advantage of continually emphasizing the great facts of the life of Christ," as if other Churches did not emphasize those facts, and as if the Episcopal Church were free from human interpretations and philosophizing? Suppose a comparison were made between the results of the "Week of Prayer" during the last quarter of a century, and those of the observance of Lent. Would the former have reason to be ashamed by such comparison? While we are generous, let us also be just.

L. E. R.

—

Civil Service Reform

To the Editors of The Outlook:

My critic "G. S." says: "The elective principle is the true theory of a popular government, so far as it can possibly be made practicable. But the exception made by 'J. J. D.' concedes that a line must be drawn somewhere. The difficult problem, it seems to me, would be where the line should be drawn." A reform of the civil service upon the elective plan, like other plans, has its difficulties, but they are not insurmountable. I would draw the line where the office pertains to the execution of the political policy of the Government—that is, the party in power—for the laws, to be effective, should be enforced by officers who approve of them. I believe there are but few offices of this kind. I have not the necessary information to "give a more definite and extended plan for putting the elective principle into practical execution." But the way is open for some one to lead in this reform who has the position and power to make himself heard. I have not found a man who is in favor of the life-tenure plan, but many partisans who prefer "turning the rascals out" to holding office for life.

J. J. D.

—

The Meaning of Ecclesia

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Dr. Abbott, in his sermon in your issue of January 27 on Ephes. ii., 9, says: "You know this word church is the translation of a Greek word *ekklesia*, from which come our words ecclesiastic and ecclesiastical; and *ekklesia* is composed of two Greek words, *ek* and *kaleo*—'to call out.' The Church of God is made up of all those who have been called out of the world and have followed the call." I venture to question the appropriateness of the derivation and the legitimacy of the line of thought that depends upon it. I do not question the philological accuracy of the derivation, but the use that is made of it. Hatch, in his "Organization of the Early Christian Churches," has made it abundantly clear that the terms deacon, presbyter, bishop, church, etc., are all borrowed from the institutions of civil society and the State. But, to justify the line of argument in the sermon, it is necessary to show that the Founder of the Church either coined a new word—ἐκκλησία—to express the idea "called out," or appropriated a word that was already current in that sense. Of course no one supposes for a moment that the word ἐκκλησία originated with Christianity. It is used in the Septuagint (Ezra x., 12), where it cannot have the idea in question, and it had, at the time of Christ, long been used for the public meeting of the Greek citizens held, in regular session, four times in each of the ten prytanies that constituted the year. As the word was already in use, not only for such public meetings of citizens, but also for meetings of various associations and societies, Christ adopted it as a name for the meetings of his followers. It cannot be shown that the word, when used for these secular gatherings, was understood as conveying any such idea as "called out" in the sense of the sermon. Can it be supposed, then, that when it was accepted as a name for the Christian assemblies it was understood to carry with it any such occult theological meaning, based on a philological derivation that was altogether lost in the current usage? The *derivation* of ἐκκλησία, when the word is employed for any social or political assembly, could not be used to prove the idea "called out" in Dr. Abbott's sense, and it cannot be any more applicable when the word is used for the Christian assembly or church; and to use such a derivation, even though philologically accurate, is very much as if one were to set himself to show the nature of the office of deacon from the derivation of the Greek word διάκονος—δία through, and κονίς dust—or to explain what is meant by a Methodist conference by using the Latin derivation of the word *con* (together) and *fero* (I bring or bear).

C. H. P.

St. John, West New Brunswick.

The *ecclesia* was, in Greek usage, "a gathering of citizens called out from their homes into some public place for the purpose of deliberating" (Thayer), and included only a select portion of the people—it did not include slaves, women, or children. In Hebrew usage it was a similar assembly, representative in its character, and did not include slaves or foreigners. Carried into Christian usage, it signified those "called out" from the world and intrusted, like the Greek or Hebrew assembly, with the direction of the affairs of the visible kingdom of God on the earth. The etymology is not conclusive in such cases; but it is significant. Similarly, *diakonos*, which is "by no means, as was formerly thought, compounded of *dia* and *konis*" (Thayer), signifies originally a servant, and was applied to the deacon as one who served tables (Acts vii., 2, 3); and conference (*con* and *fero*) signifies a bringing together, that is, of the representatives, originally ministers only, of different parishes, for a consideration of the interests common to all.—THE EDITORS.

Notes and Queries

1. In 1 John i., 8, we read, "If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us." In iii., 9, "Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin, for his seed remaineth in him, and he *cannot* sin, because he is born of God." How are we to reconcile these two passages? 2. Please inform me if the sermons of Frederick W. Robertson have been published in cheap form. A.

1. It has been variously explained that "cannot sin" either denotes what is true in the ideal, though not in the actual view (which would mean, practically, that such an one cannot sin except through gross inconsistency with his ideal), or else refers to deliberate and willful sinning. 2. We do not know of a cheap edition.

Will you kindly explain the meaning of the term "natural selection," that one so often meets in scientific essays and larger books? and oblige

V. C. R.

In biological evolution the struggle for existence results in the survival of the fittest. The fitnesses through which they survive are a variety of natural endowments, such as superior strength, speed, etc., whereby they prevail over less highly endowed competitors, and succeed in propagating their kind. The term "natural selection" denotes this process, in which the fittest seem, as if by the favor of nature, to be culled out for survival and propagation.

At what time does the soul enter the body? Before or after birth? If before, at what stage of gestation? Does the soul exist before going into the body, or is it created just at that moment? E. L.

Tennyson's lines at the close of "In Memoriam,"

> "A soul shall draw from out the vast,
> And strike his being into bounds,"

present us merely with a poetic fancy. The Hebrew and Greek words rendered in our Bible sometimes as "soul" and sometimes as "life" strictly signify no more than *life*. By "soul" we are to understand life regarded as capable of becoming immortal. This life is derived from our parents. For any other notion of soul there is no good evidence.

Will you greatly oblige many of your readers by stating when and by whom "The Apostolic Creed" was first adopted and given to the world?

N. F. L.

We suppose you mean the Apostles' Creed. This emanated from no one source, but gradu-

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ally took its present shape between the second century and the close of the fifth, and takes its name from being regarded as a compend of the facts of faith which were the staple of the Apostles' preaching.

Will you kindly inform me who is the author of "Ecce Homo"? R. F. J.

Professor J. R. Seeley, of Oxford, England.

If "F.," who asked last week for a list of books on pottery, will send his address, we shall be glad to forward a list sent in by a reader.

Can any one tell me where to find a poem in which are these lines:

"Still sits the school-house by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep-scarred by raps official"?

And so on, as I can only recall a little here and there. Also, who is its author?

H. M.

Can any of your readers tell me the author of the following lines:

"Praise to our pardoning God,
High praise in solemn lay,
Alike for what his hand hath given,
And what it takes away"?

A. N.

Daisy Fields

A pleasant, fully equipped Home for crippled children, near the city, yet in the country where air is fresh, the sky is visible, the fields a free playground at the door, and kind and willing hands are ever ready to relieve suffering and help in mental and physical and moral improvement—this is Daisy Fields.

The "Daisy Fields Home and Hospital for Crippled Children" was established last June in Englewood, N. J. This work cannot show a great result in numbers, but only a few made straight in body and developed in mind.

There are many institutions where the cripple can have a temporary shelter and treatment, but, to quote the report of the surgeon in charge, "The home idea for crippled children, combined with that of a convalescent hospital for such unfortunates after severe operations have been performed and braces adjusted, is distinctively peculiar to Daisy Fields. This Home will save many a child from the almshouse, or, what is worse, from a return to the slums of the city, where a relapse is almost certain to occur from ignorance or neglect."

The consulting physicians have expressed their astonishment at the extraordinary improvement of these children, due to country air, good food, and gentle and scientific care. The pale, helpless, limp little patient of June was often a plump, red-cheeked youngster, gayly moving around on crutches, in October. But they have a hard lot at best. The plaster casts and iron braces in which they live, though carefully made and very costly, are most uncomfortable, and often fret and chafe the skin of the poor manacled little body. This life of discomfort and suffering develops a fortitude, submission, and unselfishness far beyond their years.

While leaning against a table or lying prone on the broad, low kindergarten benches—for they cannot sit down—these children are keen observers and bright in conversation.

"Send us some more folks to talk to us. Send us the pretty ones that smile," says a little bed patient.

"Mrs. T——, nobody ever loved me or cared for me, not since I was born," says J——. "Why, I care for you, J——." "No, you don't, Mrs. T——. If you did, you'd let me live with you." "But why should I take so much pains to make you well if I did not care for you?" "Oh, you just do it to make me live, that's all."

The long crutches become, to the children who are able to use them, not only a support but also a kind of antennæ with which they point to a bird's nest or a star, beat a merry tattoo on the floor, open a gate, or wave a cheerful good-by.

And now the Treasurer reports that the next month's payments will leave hardly a hundred dollars in the treasury. What is to be done? Not only must the work go on, but it should be increased. Shall these children go to the cold neglect of the poorhouse or return to the poverty and want of the slums? The answer lies with the public, for the Home is supported entirely by voluntary contributions.

Subscriptions for Daisy Fields should be sent in care of Mr. Charles D. Kellogg, Charity Organization Society, 105 East Twenty-second Street, New York.

The reception afternoon at Daisy Fields is on Friday, from three to six. Frequent trains connecting with Chambers Street and East Twenty-third Street Ferries run from the Erie depot to Englewood, and the trip takes but half an hour. All visitors are welcome.

The Lend-a-Hand Book Mission

The Lend-a-Hand Book Mission was established three years ago. Its object is to send books, papers, and magazines that have been read and laid aside, free of cost, to places where the people are scantily supplied. In the South intelligent Christian men and women are making great efforts to lift the standard of life of the destitute and ignorant white and colored people. We at the North have the glorious privilege of co-operating, heart and hand, with them in their labors of love. We can increase the influence of philanthropic brothers and sisters in the Southland by sending them an abundant supply of reading material to distribute, and thus help them to plant good seed in many barren places. Last year one hundred and thirty-eight barrels and boxes of books, papers, and magazines went by freight, mostly into the two Carolinas. Several hundred packages were sent by mail. Useful books and periodicals brightened lowly mountain homes, and were carried into obscure places where the people worship in school-houses. Children who had owned only a few school-books received for the first time in their lives back numbers of the "Youth's Companion," "St. Nicholas," "Pansy," etc. Boys and girls who toil twelve hours daily in the factory were delighted with illustrated juvenile Sunday papers and picture-cards. The convicts of five penitentiaries came in for a share of helpful reading.

A grand reinforcement of second-hand literature will be needed to meet the demand of the coming year. Not only are destitute schools and churches of both races to be provided for, but the sick in the hospitals must be ministered unto. Benevolent societies and Sunday-schools are solicited to collect reading material. Books of travel, histories, useful and entertaining story-books for children, dictionaries, etc., are needed for school libraries. There is a constant call for the "Century," "Harper's Young People," "Youth's Companion," "St. Nicholas," "Babyland," "Temperance Banner," juvenile illustrated Sunday papers, picture-cards, hymnals, Bibles, Testaments, etc.

Lend-a-Hand Office, Boston, Mass., is my post-office address, but is *not* a depot for reading supplies. From this office letters are forwarded to me as I travel from place to place in the South, and each correspondent is informed to whom and where to send their offered contributions. A list of what is collected should be sent to me. If letters of inquiry do not receive reply, please write again. The freight should be paid by the donors, as the recipients are often very poor.

It is estimated that ten thousand people received pleasure and knowledge through the Lend-a-Hand Book Mission for 1893. The number of Northern and Southern co-workers is increasing so rapidly that a far greater number of readers ought to be reached the coming year. SARAH P. BRIGHAM.

The Hawarden Library

The iron library erected by Mr. Gladstone three or four years ago at Hawarden, and which now contains some twenty-four thousand volumes, is about, says the London "Christian World," to be made part of a scheme which Mr. Gladstone hopes will greatly enhance its usefulness. It has received the title of "St. Deiniol's Theological and General Library," the name of the saint being that of the parish church. It is to be devoted to the use of students, lay and clerical, and of clergy or others desiring times of rest. For their use a hostel is to be provided in connection with the library, where board and lodging can be obtained for twenty-five shillings per week. The library will be placed under a trust, and will eventually, it is expected, be attached to a school or college to be founded in Hawarden under the Welsh Intermediate Education Act. Many of the volumes are marked and annotated by Mr. Gladstone.

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Sabatier, Paul. Vie de S. François d'Assise.

GEORGE H. ELLIS, BOSTON

Mozoomdar, P. C. The Spirit of God. $1.50.

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Sargent Charles S. Garden and Forest. Vol. VI.

GINN & CO., BOSTON

Riehl, Wilhelm H. Burg Neideck. Notes by Charles B. Wilson. 35 cts.

D. C. HEATH & CO., BOSTON

Sever, F. P. The Progressive Speller. 30 cts.

LEE & SHEPARD, BOSTON

Wood, Henry. The Political Economy of Natural Law. $1.25.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., NEW YORK

Overton, John H., D.D. The English Church in the Nineteenth Century.

Newbolt, W. C. E. Speculum Sacerdotum.

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Molinari, G. de. Religion. Translated by W. K. Firminger. 90 cts.

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Watts, Henry E. The Christian Recovery of Spain. $1.50.

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MARCH

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34TH ANNUAL STATEMENT

EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

OF THE UNITED STATES

FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31st, 1893

ASSETS:

Bonds and Mortgages	$22,808,916.74
Real Estate, including the Equitable Buildings and purchases under foreclosure of mortgages	23,928,724.53
United States Stocks, State Stocks, City Stocks, and other investments	89,253,593.42
Loans secured by Bonds and Stocks (Market value, $9,449,241)	6,934,463 33
Real Estate outside the State of New York, including purchases under foreclosure	14,396,857.64
Cash in Bank and in transit (since received and invested)	5,294,463.13
Interest and Rents due and accrued, Deferred Premiums and other Securities	6,439,378.11
Total Assets, December 31, 1893	**$169,056,396.90**

LIABILITIES:

Reserve on all existing Policies (4 per cent. Standard), and all other liabilities	$136,689,646.57
Total Undivided Surplus (4 per cent. Standard), including Special Reserve of $2,500,000 towards establishment of a 3½ per cent. valuation	32,366,750.33
	$169,056,396.90

INCOME:

Premiums	$35,537,369.59
Interest, Rents, etc.	6,485,235.96
	$42,022,605.55

DISBURSEMENTS:

Claims by Death and Matured Endowments,	$10,761,402.80
Dividends, Surrender Values, Annuities, and Discounted Endowments	6,888,912.63
Total Paid Policy-Holders	$17,650,315.43
Commissions, Advertising, Postage, and Exchange	4,615,745.29
General Expenses, State, County, and City Taxes	3,089,438.08
	$25,355,498.80
New Assurance written in 1893	$205,280,227.00
Total Outstanding Assurance	932,532,577.00

HENRY B. HYDE, President
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Financial

The principal changes in the bank conditions this week merely reflect the differences between the actual condition and the reported average condition of the previous week. The excess of funds from the interior and the payments to the Sub-Treasury about balance each other. The whole bond transaction between the banks and the Government has not caused the least ripple in the loan market, and rates have continued at the lowest, not exceeding 1 per cent. on call. The result to the United States Treasury is the raising of the gold reserve to about $106,000,000—which will soon have to be replenished again, for the payments on account of Government expenses exceed, by large sums, weekly, the revenue receipts, and Congress has thus far reached no definite conclusion as to the means for readjusting the revenue to meet the outgo. The returns from the Bureau of Statistics relating to foreign trade for the month of January exhibit a balance of merchandise exports over the imports of $34,285,686; the aggregate favorable balance for the seven months ending with January 31 is $202,959,588. It seems very clear that, with these figures, there can be no apprehension of gold shipments during the coming season, for the balance is on our side, and, while exchange is mysteriously strong, the absence of any demand for replenishment of gold reserves in any of the European centers of the money markets would indicate that shipments are highly improbable; at any rate, the bankers who usually ship gold intimate plainly that they do not anticipate shipments at present, although ordinarily they do ship at this season of the year. The exports from the port of New York of merchandise for the week past were over $8,100,000, which is a large increase from the corresponding week last year.

The feature most noticeable in the domestic markets for the past week is the phenomenal decline in wheat. The quotation for May deliveries in wheat reached about fifty-seven cents per bushel at Chicago, a figure below any price ever attained before. This quotation is below the cost of raising and placing it in Chicago elevators. What has produced this collapse in price it is difficult to clearly define. Indian and Australian wheat is undoubtedly raised and transported to market to-day cheaper than ever before, since the recent improvements in the Indian railways; this and the cheapness of labor in both of these countries make the prospect of our successfully competing with them more problematical than ever in the raising of wheat. But these are not exclusively the influences at work for cheap wheat in our markets at the present time; probably the main one is the indisposition and inability of capitalists and people generally to carry, as is usually the practice, large reserves of the staple in elevators, and in this way to hold in check a great volume which would otherwise crush down the market. These reserves have been precipitated on the wheat market at this time and in such quantity as to baffle and overcome the judgment and abilities of great operators to control the market. This price for wheat, then, represents great disaster; it means great losses to almost millions of men, and is really the result of our long and weakening panic, first in the financial centers, and now in the whole range of industries and general mercantile trade.

There is the reasonable impression, however, that this liquidation may clear the atmosphere and start a further export movement of wheat which will relieve us of the large reserve, though at ruinous prices. Transportation is suffering from the light merchandise movements; the railways to the seaboard, which are supplied with fair traffic East, are returning many trains partially empty to the West. The demand for goods from that section is only from hand to mouth, and the inevitable result is lean earnings. The total shrinkage on nearly a hundred thousand miles of roads for the last week in January is nearly 16 per cent. in gross. Economies, which are being enforced rigidly, reduce the net losses to a much smaller proportion.

The legislation at Washington, as it drags along, is one of the chief factors in the stock market, and the fluctuations, which are light, are the results of rumors of changes in tariff schedules; but there is no trustworthy information as to what will be the final outcome of the tariff changes, and until this can be confidently foretold the strain of doubt and uncertainty will prevent any radical movements. There seems to be a firmer foundation to the security markets. The bank statement is as follows:

Loans, increase	$6,743,300
Specie, decrease	9,212,700
Legal tenders, decrease	2,930,200
Deposits, decrease	4,184,100
Reserve, decrease	11,098,875

This gives the banks of the city a surplus reserve of about $74,500,000.

WALL STREET.

Authors and Readers

May a reader of a book, says the London "Literary World," write to its author and scrape an acquaintance with him on the plea that something in the book "touched" him? We propound this as a question of etiquette, not of law, for authors are not protected any more than other folk against invasion of their privacy. It is part of the penalty an author pays for fame. On the question of etiquette or good taste, opinion will differ. We know of one writer of fiction who boasts of the magnitude of her letter-bag, and with scarcely a murmur toils through the delightful task of answering all the sundry queries and comments that thus reach her. She takes it as a sweet tribute to her popularity. Whether she invites her correspondents to tea we are not sure, but suspect that some may be so favored—those who please her most. But male authors of any note are reputed to be less approachable. They suspect the unknown letter-writer, flatter he never so well. They know that in all probability a man or woman who writes to an author has some fish of his or her own to fry, if it be only the acquisition of an autograph.

Of course this does not apply to the case of one author writing to another, although previously unacquainted. There could obviously be no breach of etiquette in the author of "Bootles' Baby" writing to Mr. Ruskin and informing him of the pleasure a lecture of his had given her. The result proved the entire propriety of the proceeding, for Mr. Ruskin replied by letter telling "John Strange Winter" (Mrs. Stannard) that of all the persons who had read or heard that lecture he had not traced one except himself to whom it had done any good. This confession of Mr. Ruskin's has some bearing on the general question we have raised. It looks as if he at least had been willing to receive correspondence from his readers. It is interesting also to learn that, the ice once broken, further letters passed between these authors, and soon Mrs. Stannard accepted an invitation to go with her husband to Sandgate to stay with Mr. Ruskin.

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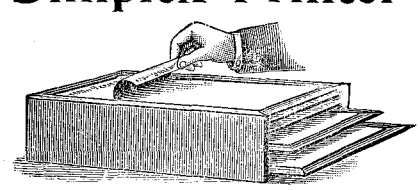

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Income

Received for Premiums -	$33,594,337 98
From all other sources - -	8,358,807 70
	$41,953,145 68

Disbursements

To Policy-holders - -	$20,885,472 40
For all other accounts - -	9,484,567 47
	$30,370,039 87

Assets

United States Bonds and other Securities - - -	$72,936,322 41
First lien Loans on Bond and Mortgage - - - -	70,729,938 93
Loans on Stocks and Bonds	7,497,200 00
Real Estate - - - -	18,089,918 69
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies - - - -	10,844,691 72
Accrued Interest, Deferred Premiums, &c. - - - -	6,609,608 39
	$186,707,680 14
Reserve for Policies and other Liabilities - - -	168,755,071 23
Surplus - - - -	$17,952,608 91

Insurance and Annuities assumed and renewed $708,692,552 40

NOTE—Insurance merely written is discarded from this Statement as wholly misleading, and only insurance actually issued and paid for in cash is included.

I have carefully examined the foregoing Statement and find the same to be correct.

CHARLES A. PRELLER, Auditor

From the Surplus a dividend will be apportioned as usual.

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What a stimulus was given to the whole nature by contact with her! As a teacher she possessed the Mark Hopkins power of "generating thought" and independent conclusions in her students. In her were united marked firmness and decision of character with great breadth of view. She had a habit of going to the core of a matter and of forming impartial judgments on the merits of a case regardless of her own tastes or of conventionalities and unworthy traditions. Her intellectual ability was varied and remarkable.

A drive with her in early spring was a liberal education in botany, as the haunts of hepatica and adder's-tongue were pointed out, the beauty and meaning of stamen and pistil unfolded, and the way home shortened by quotations from her rich treasure-house of floral poetry. Or did we gather in her parlor for a chat on Saturday evening, after showing a lively interest in the many trifles so important to youthful minds, out would come a volume, perhaps of the Biglow Papers. "Birdofredom Sawin's" raciness would be brought out as never before by her rendering, and she would join in the laughter over it until the tears ran down her cheeks. Or else we were delighted with Whittier's mountain and river music, or Milton's organ-swell of words.

I think she governed us by her confidence in us. There was a great freedom of detail about that Bradford life, for we were put upon our honor. If we betrayed the trust, a certain look in her keen, penetrating eyes was the most potent reproof, and more effective than a volley of rebukes from other authorities.

She expected us to take an interest in politics. Was there a strong Democrat or Republican in the ranks? Woe to her if she could not give a reason for the faith that was in her! She generally made haste to study up the matter after a few trenchant questions from the Principal.

The mental and moral philosophy classes gave a wide arena for her peculiar abilities. One could not be caught napping there—the results were too disastrous. We learned to use all our powers in answering her questions, for if she had the slightest suspicion that our conclusions were taken second-hand, even from herself, she would so knock away the ground that there was nothing left to stand on.

She put us at work in foreign missionary societies and home missionary auxiliaries; she started us in the history of architecture; she caused us to become familiar with parliamentary law in the management of our own school affairs; she believed in an all-round development even for the non-collegiate girl.

Perhaps her strongest influence over us was in her religious teaching. Her Sunday evening talks opened up to us the spiritual realities of life. In a very unusual way she brought the deepest thought and poetry to bear upon the most practical affairs.

Her recent death brings a keen sense of loss to her home friends at Brunswick, Maine, and to her Framingham and Bradford scholars. Her memory is an inspiration to those of us who follow the teacher's calling.

M. R. H.

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PROTESTANT SEAMSTRESS, willing to assist with light chamberwork, desires position with family for summer. Mountains preferred. References given. Address SARAH B. IRWIN, 67th and Greenway Ave., West Philadelphia, Pa.

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Red Ants

A short time since, writes Mr. W. A Stearns to "Science," I read an article in "Science" concerning red ants. I wish *somebody* could tell me how to rid a building of them.

Upon our grounds are two buildings, hardly fifty rods apart, the "South Hall" being infested from garret to cellar, and the "North Hall" being absolutely free from them. I can find no great difference of soil or position to account for this. Why the one building should be so infested with them and the other not is more than I can explain. I have tried almost every known remedy against them without success.

For weeks, even months, our rooms will be apparently clean and free from these pests. Let me bring a piece of meat on a plate into the room, set it anywhere I choose, and within twenty-four hours there will be hundreds—if it remain over night thousands—literally, of them covering it and the neighboring objects. I have held plates over the lamp or stove and burned them by the thousands, yet in twenty-four hours as many more would appear. Where do they come from? Leave them alone, and they will eat the refuse and disappear as mysteriously as they came. A dead bird, animal, or glass in which there has been sugar, a piece of cake or bread even—it is just the same.

I have made some interesting observations in watching these small, apparently insignificant animals. They march in long, slender lines and with the regularity of clockwork. I have dropped a small crust of moist bread in the center of a room and of a tapestry carpet, and in half a day or less found it one living, red mass of these small red ants. They seem to be everywhere. I believe they have regular scouts, always roving about, seeking food.

An ant that has found a bit of food will turn and retrace his steps until he finds a companion; they will put their heads and their antennæ, or both, together, touching each other a number of times, as if really in communication with one another (as I do not doubt they are), when the first ant will return to the food, and the one bearing the message will rove round until *he* can communicate with another ant, when *he* will return, likewise, to the same food. And so it goes on. It seems to be necessary that each communicate with some other before he can take his course to where the food is. So each communicates with another or some others. I have, in this way, seen a single ant turn the course of a procession of five hundred and over.

I have had much amusement in keeping these ants from the table of a sick person, upon which was an assortment of provisions. First the ants crawled up the legs of the table—then I tied papers of naphthaline around the legs. This kept them off for a while, but they soon walked fearless over the naphthaline and were up the table again. Old lemon did no good, various kinds of "sure cure" did no good; finally I cut four squares of sticky fly-paper, a foot square, and put a piece under each leg. The ants came up to it, walked all around it, tried it in various places, and then backed out. They would daintily step here and there upon it, feeling all about with their antennæ, and retreat again. About a dozen, and no more, lost their lives by venturing on it. But let the dust collect or the paper bend or break, and in less than half an hour the table was alive with them. They appeared in a procession orderly, and, when the food was gone, disappeared in a procession orderly. They often come from the least crack in the wall or floor in the center of a room; whether they crawl around the room, in and out of the chinks, or come directly from the walls in which they live, I cannot tell. I once had a nest of them between the leaves of a book catalogue in the interior of my writing secretary. When and how they came there I do not know. I could doubtless fill a whole issue of "Science" with the results of my watching of these interesting scavengers (for they are nothing else), but space forbids. I have had them all over the body of a sick person, without any attempt to bite the person and only intent upon eating or carrying away crumbs of bread left there and in the immediate vicinity. I have put food in various situations for them and watched them find it. Some kinds of food they do not touch, apparently; others they are greedy for and swarm to. Is it possible to clear the building of these pests? I call them pests, as they are so active, so abundant, and will not let food placed for others, and not for them, alone.

"I" and "Me"

What in the world is to be done with those otherwise good people who persist, in conversation, in using "I" and "he" in the objective? Most of these people know better, though some of them are college graduates; but they go on saying, "Will you go with Dick and I to the symphony?" and even "It was between he and I," though they would never, of course, say, "Will you go with I?" The number of people who use this solecism is apparently increasing. The "Listener" has heard public-school teachers use it; and the sound of it is not altogether unfamiliar in what is called good society, though "me and him did it" is not a whit more ungrammatical than "between you and I." Evidently some people use the phrase without knowing that they do it; but why should they? Still other people, who have been taught that "me and him went" is not correct, ignorantly suppose that "between you and me" is also ungrammatical. In this case, of course, the mistake is due to pure ignorance, and no one can complain of it, because ignorance is generally a misfortune rather than a fault. But when people who have been to school use the nominative case in the objective and say "between you and I," or "I will let you and he know," one feels like projecting some convenient article of furniture at them. Perhaps some form of violence will have to be resorted to in order to break up the practice.—*Boston Transcript.*

Cholly—This is my grandmother's portrait, and I am thought to have some of her features. His Adored—Yes, I see a strong resemblance between her eyebrows and your mustache.—*Once a Week.*

A Scotch clergyman, just as he had told the bridegroom to love and honor his wife, was surprised to hear the man interject the words "and obey." A few years afterward the clergyman met the man. "D'ye mind, sir, yon day when ye married me, and when I wad insist upon vowing to obey my wife? Well, ye may now see that I was in the right. Whether ye wad or no, I have obeyed her; and, behold, I am the only man that has a two-story house in the hale toun!"—*Exchange.*

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"MISSOURI" (St. Louis).
"RED SEAL" (St. Louis).
"SALEM" (Salem, Mass.)
"SHIPMAN" (Chicago).
"SOUTHERN" (St. Louis and Chicago).
"ULSTER" (New York).
"UNION" (New York).

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About People

—Mr. Marion Crawford's sister, who is now on her way to this country, is the Comtesse le Pelletier d'Aunay, wife of the French Minister at the Dutch Court.

—The death of R. M. Ballantyne will come as a shock to all boys, young and old, for whom he has been writing stories since 1848, when he was but twenty-three years of age, though he had already been residing for six years in the Hudson Bay country.

—A young prince has just been born to Sono Yoshmo, one of the secondary wives of the Mikado of Japan. Though not the son of the Empress, should the Crown Prince die, this young, so-called "half-blood" would be next in right of succession.

—One of the students at the School of Medicine for Women in London, Miss Aldrich Blake, passed third in honors at the recent Bachelor of Science examination of the University of London, with marks qualifying for a gold medal—the highest place of the kind which a woman has yet attained.

—Mr. Gladstone has gone Cato one better. If the old Roman learned Greek at eighty, the modern Grand Old Man, at eighty-four, has attempted to acquire the language of the Basques. Voltaire once said of this tongue: "The Basques say that when they talk together they understand each other, but I do not believe it."

—M. Alphonse Daudet says: "It often happens that letters from foreign countries are addressed to me at the French Academy, in the supposition that I am one of its members. These letters are almost always returned to the post-office, with the remark, 'Unknown to the French Academy,' written on the envelope. There is no harm in this, since the post-office knows where to send my correspondence. But the formula is droll. I have often given evidence of its authenticity."

—The death is announced in South Africa of Mrs. Colenso, widow of the late Bishop of Natal, who was deposed from the episcopacy and excommunicated by his Metropolitan, the Bishop of Cape Town, all because of his remarkable work, "The Pentateuch and the Book of Joshua Critically Examined," one of the pioneer books in exposing the mistake of putting the histories in Genesis on the same authoritative level as the scientific historical research of the present day.

—Robert Louis Stevenson tells us that when he was ill and trying to forget his pain by playing on his flageolet, the music would attract a tiny mouse, which soon became so tame as not to be frightened at being patted and stroked by the novelist. After a while it actually demanded such attention, and, if it did not at once get it, would scratch on the shelf and make a faint whine or purr to attract notice. Nor was it long before the mouse brought its spouse to enjoy Mr. Stevenson's music.

—General Gordon's two stories have in them all the grim humor of war. On one occasion there was a prayer-meeting in camp, and one of the soldiers thus addressed the Deity: "O Lord," he said, "we are in the midst of a terrible battle, and in an awful lot of trouble. We hope you will take a proper view of the matter and give us the victory." The other was when the General saw a man getting rapidly to the rear from some very close situation. "What are you running for?" demanded the irate Gordon. "Golly, General," answered the man, "I'm running because I can't fly."

—In recognition of his discovery last year of Jupiter's fifth satellite, Professor Barnum, of the University of Chicago, has just received the Arago gold medal of the French Astronomical Society, a distinction conferred only once before, and then on the great astronomer Leverrier, who, at the instigation of Arago himself, had applied himself to the examination of the disturbances in planets, until he directed attention to that point in the heavens where, some days afterwards, the planet Neptune was actually discovered by Galle at Berlin. Leverrier succeeded Arago as Director of the Observatory of Paris, which office he held at the time of his death in 1877.

—The Queen of England might find it a little hard to accommodate herself to the ordinary inn with which most of her subjects have to be satisfied. Whenever she takes her early spring vacation in some southern climate, whether at Hyères, Grasse, Baveno, or Florence, workmen are employed for months previous in rebuilding, redecorating, and rearranging to suit the royal taste and convenience. This year the Queen goes again to the hills about Florence, but to another country house, the Villa Fabbricotti, in which electric bells are being fitted, a lift built, and all the sanitary arrangements overhauled, while even the grounds are being altered so as to facilitate the Queen's morning excursions in her donkey-chair.

—When, on September 24, 1775, Nathan Hale was at New London, Conn., he wrote a letter to his uncle, Major Samuel Hale, who was at Portsmouth, N. H. It was preserved, and, more than one hundred and eighteen years after it was written, became the chief treasure at the recent sale in New York City of rare autographs and manuscripts belonging to the *Moore collection*, where it was knocked down for $1,100 to Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. The next highest price was $450, paid for the original document which established the treachery of the Revolutionary Major-General Charles Lee, and which bears the indorsement by Henry Strachey, Secretary to Lord Howe's Commission, "General Lee's Plan, 29th March, 1777."

—Becoming interested in her husband's profession, Mrs. Myra Bradwell, of Chicago, who has just died, began studying law under his supervision, and, passing creditable examinations, was the first woman in the United States to apply for admission to the bar, but because of being a married woman was denied admission. Nothing daunted, she at once bent all her powers to removing this obstruction. When her application was refused by the Supreme Court of Illinois, she sued out a writ of error against that State in the Supreme Court of the United States. Senator Carpenter argued her case, but the Court informed Mrs. Bradwell that only legislation could remove the disability. Another effort resulted only in an adverse decision. After twenty years, however, the Court reconsidered its ruling and ordered a certificate issued. Mrs. Bradwell was the founder and managing editor of the "Chicago Legal News," the first paper of the kind ever published in the Western States.

In Operation

The Greer pawnshop plan, recently outlined in our columns, has now become a fact. It is in no sense of the word a charity pawnshop, but a loan bureau, and its location is at 205 East Forty-second Street, New York City. No goods are received in pledge for sums loaned, but the applicant must possess something that is worth money, on which a chattel mortgage is taken at six per cent. Loans are made for any period under one year, and repayments are to be on the installment plan; namely, monthly settlements with interest, default on which will foreclose the mortgage. In view of the usurious rates charged by pawnbrokers, it is no wonder that business in Forty-second Street has been brisk and the place crowded.

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Medal and three diplomas have been given to the New York Condensed Milk Company for the superiority of its Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk, Borden's Extract of Coffee, and Unsweetened Condensed Milk, exhibited at the World's Columbian Exposition.

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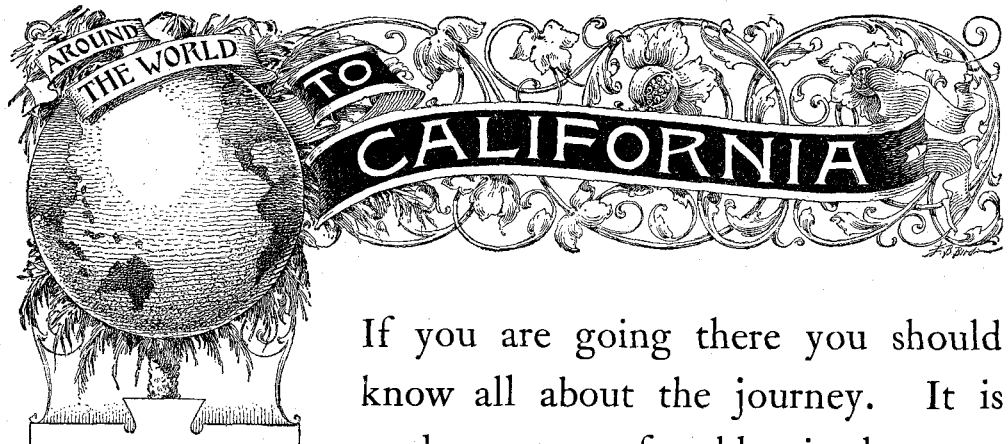

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NINETEENTH ANNUAL STATEMENT

For the Year Ending Dec. 31st, 1893

Income, - -	$2,149,859.61
Paid Policy-Holders, -	1,333,783.25
Assets, - -	1,516,271.82
Liabilities, 4% Standard,	801,945.77
Surplus, - -	714,326.05
New Insurance written, -	23,669,308.00
Insurance in force, -	83,101,434.00

The above figures present a gratifying exhibit of the growth and progress of the **Provident Savings** during a very trying year. These results have been obtained, also, at a very moderate cost to the policy-holders under the Low-Premium Policies of which the **Provident Savings** makes a specialty.

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